THE MAXIMS OF MARMADUKE

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To

My great, & always pleasant,
friend, William Edwin Emerson,

from

Charles Ed: Jerningham +

St James's Club, Piccadilly,

Monday, June, 14/20.

VANITY FAIR

LONDON AUGUST 28 1912.

MEN OF THE DAY

No. 2287

CHARLES EDWARD JERNINGHAM

BORN eight-and-fifty years ago, the youngest son of the late Charles William Jerningham, of Painswick Hall, Gloucestershire, and a member of one of the oldest Catholic families in the country, Charles Edward Jerningham was originally destined for the Guards, receiving the last nomination for the Grenadiers before the introduction of competitive examinations for commissions in the Army.

Having, however, devoted himself for several years to the active and serious pursuit of "society," he drifted into journalism, commencing his career in the profession as a contributor to VANITY FAIR, then owned and edited by the founder of the paper, Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles.

Transferring his services, he contributed to *Truth* the "Letter from the Linkman" over the signature "Marmaduke." For two-and-twenty years, without the break of a single week, he never failed to amuse, instruct and charm.

He has published books, waltzes, and songs, presented to the nation a collection of rare and unique prints of London Royal parks, and founded several societies of a nature more or less useful. The formation of the London Museum, which is now one of the chief attractions of the town, was his suggestion.

For art he possesses a genuine enthusiasm, and has filled his house with priceless treasures.

His epigrams are without number. A few you have read in "Maxims of Marmaduke." Others you will meet in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table—wherever choicest English is spoken and cherished.

A Tory by birth, a Radical by conviction, his political sympathies are so subtly blended that to most Tories he appears a Radical, to most Radicals a Tory.

JEHU JUNIOR.

"Daily Mail"

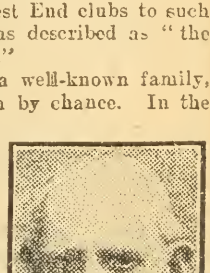
FEBRUARY 8, 1921.

'MARMADUKE' DEAD

GOSSIP WHOSE WIT WAS WITHOUT STING.

There are many who will feel sorry to-day that "Marmaduke" is dead, although they never met Mr. C. E. Jerningham and had perhaps never even heard the real name of *Truth's* Linkman, famous for so many years. He was the kindliest of gossip-writers, the most generous of critics; he made all his readers feel a friendship, even affection, towards him. He was well known among the West End clubs to such an extent that he was described as "the clubman of clubmen."

A younger son of a well-known family, he took to journalism by chance. In the great days of *Truth* Mr. Labouchere wanted someone to write a social column which would "snap but not sting." Mr Philip Stanhope, now Lord Weardale, asked Mr. Jerningham if he would care to do it. The offer was accepted, and for 22 years "Marmaduke the Linkman" kept up a weekly flow of wit and information. In 1912 he resigned from *Truth* to become editor of *Vanity Fair*. But that only lasted a month or two. Later he was a contributor to the London *Evening News* and for a long time delighted the readers of that paper.



MR. C. E. JERNINGHAM.

His cheery outlook upon life and his good will towards the men he knew are finely shown in the following letter written

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certificate. This Monday, too, is a Double First in the We of England, inasmuch as then black game shooting, as wel as partridge-shooting, commences.

The placid, pastoral joys of partridge-shooting are typicall English, and appeal to every country gentleman. Th shooting of black game, like that of red grouse, is of mor romantic order, by reason of *entourage*, or environment The black game of the Western moors are found amids purple heather, yellow gorse, many coloured grasses, an the greenery of whortleberry shrubs and other bushes an plants and herbage, on elevated plateaux or the slopes o hills and lofty downs, of an altitude of from 900 feet t 1,400 feet. The black cock and the grey hen are beautifu birds, none too plentiful in these days: wherefore, on Mon day next, it behoves the sportsman to "'Ware hen!"

Backing Winners.

The other day there went racing a sportsman who know far more about horses and horsemanship than he does abou betting. Spotting a winner, which, starting at six to one romped in, he foolishly backed it to the tune of a few sovs with a very outside booky on the course, and, of course, coul not find that penciller after "all right" was chanted. Thi hunting man, shooting man, and angler ought to have don his business in the ring, which always contains honest honourable bookmakers, good for any amount. There i also another way, as the cookery books have it

"Daily Mail"

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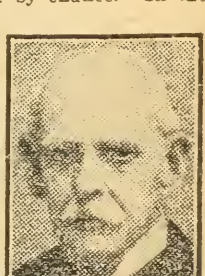

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"VANITY FAIR" UNDER A NEW EDITOR.

"Marmaduke's" Romantic Return to Active Journalism.

There is a touch of romance in the announcement made yesterday that Mr. C. E. Jerningham, the famous society journalist, has accepted the editorship of "Vanity Fair." As a young man he wavered between a commission in the Guards and the less-fettered occupation of a free-lance. Eventually the pen conquered the sword, and he became a contributor to "Vanity Fair."

His first literary effort appeared in that journal in 1885, when it was under the control of Mr. "Tommy" Bowles, but some five years later Mr. Jerningham was induced to join the staff of "Truth." Until a few weeks ago his series of weekly letters over the signature of "Marmaduke" in the late Mr. Labouchere's organ were a unique feature of contemporary journalism, and on his resignation recently his friends understood that he had definitely renounced journalism for the more leisurely pursuits of writing books and composing music. It is peculiarly appropriate that he should return to direct the paper which printed his earlier contributions.

When a representative of "The Daily Chronicle" called on Mr. Jerningham at his residence in an old-world Kensington crescent, he was reading some of the MSS. which will assist in making the contents of "Vanity Fair" for October 2—the issue with which he begins his editorial functions—memorable in every way. He stated that not a line would be printed that was not original, and he has gathered about him a corps of well-informed, cultivated writers of social distinction.

"Vanity Fair," said the new editor, "will be written by people in society. Its tone will be satirical and witty, not bitter. We shall not attack anybody maliciously, we shall not publish scandal. If we tilt against anything it will be such things as bad form, littlenesses, and foibles and fallacies. There will be several fresh features, but the celebrated cartoon is to be retained. I want the journal to appeal to every gentleman and to offend no one."

THE MAXIMS OF MARMADUKE

BY

CHARLES EDWARD JERNINGHAM

"MARMADUKE"

METHUEN & CO.

36 ESSEX STREET W.C.

LONDON

First Published in 1900

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S63

TO

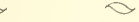
THE RIGHT HON. HENRY LABOUCHERE

This collection of Epigrams and Essays is reprinted from the contributions of the Author, over the signature of "Marmaduke," in *Truth*, with the kind permission of the Editor of the paper.

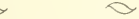
MAXIMS OF MARMADUKE

MAXIMS

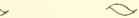
We all think ourselves best—but we expect others to be better.



The French are more immodest than immoral; the English more immoral than immodest.



He who is drunk in a first-class carriage has had a fit; he who has a fit in a third-class is drunk.



Almost every Englishman imagines he is moral because he objects to immorality—in others.

It is not our bitter enemies that do us the most harm; it is our bitter friends.

When two laugh it is certain a misfortune has happened—to a third.

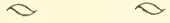
The misfortunes of our neighbours are invariably judgments—our own, excessive and unmerited trials.

Superior knowledge is a mistake; that which rules the world is superior ignorance.

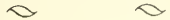
It is not the mischievous that do the most harm: it is the mistaken.

The importance of anything in this world is precisely the importance which we attach to it ourselves.

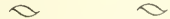
The men who love woman seldom love women; those who love women seldom love woman.



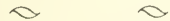
A man never takes so much care of himself as he does when he has a woman to take care of him.



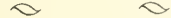
There are few Englishmen now who have a library in them; many who have ledgers.



It is not the woman man can be rich with who is the most companionable, but the woman he can be poor with.



Never mix your women.



Never lay others under an obligation; it generally obliges them to detest you.

When we talk of the world we always talk of our neighbour.

Man is the Lord of Creation ; woman, the Lady of Recreation.

No respectable woman has a lover until she has a husband.

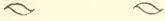
Poverty is to happiness what appetite is to food—poverty enables us to enjoy the simplest pleasures ; appetite, the simplest fare.

It is a great privilege to be able to enjoy the bread-and-cheese of life—the simple pleasures, of which there are so many.

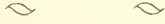
Woman often feigns love ; man, oftener, passion.

In England, for the poor there are the Ten Commandments; for the rich, the Upper-Ten Commandments.

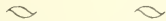
In France, a man must be a woman's man to be a man's man; in England, he must be a man's man to be a woman's.



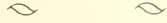
To be happy you must be your own sunshine.



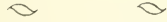
Happiness is like warmth; the best form of it is that which arises from ourselves.



Forget your troubles, and the world will soon forget you ever had any.

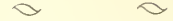


Genius is Nature's millionaire.



Genius is an infinite capacity for overcoming the opposition of mediocrities.

Life is like walking through Paradise with peas in your shoes.



Taste is the sense of the appropriate.

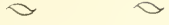
Tact is the sense of the opportune.

Success amounts to little ; if you succeed, you merely turn your friends into enemies, and your enemies into friends.

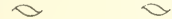
If you wish to be thought white, call others black.

It is a sign of mediocrity to have settled opinions on unsettled subjects.

Philosophy enables us to bear with resignation —the afflictions of others.

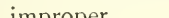


The world is a looking-glass; it reflects— yourself.



Most women go to church to attract men; and to distract each other.

The ordinary English man and woman, when they go to France, look upon it as a holiday trip around the improper.



The man-of-the-world attaches little importance even to great things, but understands that others attach great importance even to little things.

Wisdom is the perception of the unimportance of the things we call great, and of the importance of the things we call small.

No woman is so good as she looks; to know that is the first step towards the attainment of knowledge of the world.

The next, to know that few men are so bad as they seem.

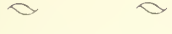
It is much easier to tell a woman you love her when you do not than when you do.

This is the Age of the Linendraper's Venus.

The best way to secure revenge is not to make your enemy fail, but to succeed yourself.

We never forgive those who cannot hurt us.

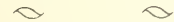
The Power of the future is poverty; combined poverty.



Progress is civilisation on the march.

Those who have humour we laugh at and like; those who have wit we laugh with and fear.

There is a time in youth when instinct asserts itself over instruction; that is the period of danger.



Frequently, the extraordinary man is only the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances.

Cleverness without self-confidence will scarcely bleat; self-confidence without cleverness will roar so that to most it appears a lion.

It has been a Piccadilly proverb from time immemorial, that the younger sons should live on the State, the eldest on the estate.

Few learn from experience, all from example.

Wisdom is as much a quality of the temperament as of the intelligence.

All is possible to woman, for woman alone may make herself impossible.

The English distrust the clever; they conceive that cleverness is next to ungodliness.

Woman is the social barometer; she is an admirably contrived instrument for gauging—the defects of her generation.

The more imperfect woman becomes, the more perfect she insists that man should be; the more she assumes the vices, the more man is to abandon them.

No woman has faith in another; but each insists that man should have faith in herself.

Bringing home a heart is a great joy; we call that love. Some look upon it as a form of sport; we call that flirting.

It is a new contention of woman here that she is too good to be—true!

You must talk to a man's intelligence ; to a woman's inclination.

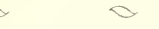
Woman is like a diamond with many facets : the imagination of man, the light which produces from them innumerable permutations and combinations of colour. The character of woman is comparatively simple, but man imagines much and attributes it to her.

There is none that suspects her husband more than the wife who is not above suspicion herself.

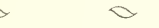
Woman wants to conquer the world that sees her ; man, the world he sees.

In these days in England a husband is not altogether useless ; he is an excuse for almost any misconduct.

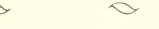
Marriage is a curious institution; it affords an opportunity to man to cultivate all the virtues—to woman, all the vices.



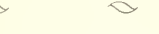
When a man gives to a woman because it pleases her to receive, he is not necessarily in love; when he gives because it pleases him to give, he is.



The good man seldom discovers the bad there is in woman; the bad, seldom discovers the good.

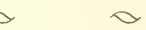


Woman's most valuable asset is—the imagination of man.



If man had less sense of consequences he could do much; if woman had more sense of consequences she could do little.

Man more often marries not because he is in love with the woman, but because he is in love with the opportunity of marrying.



There are the man of a world, the man of the world, and the man of the best world; the last alone it is correct to describe as "A man of the world."

The ordinary man is at home in his own surroundings; the man of the world in all.

In England, all are educated now, except the educated classes.

The "lower," the "middle," and the "upper" classes in England should respectively be re-named the educated, the highly-educated, and the highly uneducated.

Every Englishman and Englishwoman is individually an island; there is the disagreeable channel which separates them all—that crossed, there may be the fog!

A gilded youth with a re-gilded old age is the dream of the "upper-class" prodigal.

It is contended that the "middle class" is the backbone of this country; to continue the comparison, dissolute Belgravia may be described as the loose flesh.

The men of the "upper-class" in England are educated to be "gentlemen"; the men of the "middle-class" are educated to become "gentlemen."

It has been said by a witty Frenchwoman of the English: "When you come to Paris you visit

our vices; when we go to London we visit your virtues."

The Middle Ages have been replaced by the Middle-class Ages.

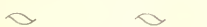
A "Smart" Woman.—A woman who maintains her reputation at the expense of her character.

The Angel Actress is a special product of the day, and of this country. There are still some narrow-minded English men and women who imagine an actress has a second-class soul in a first-class skin, and that her complexion is more precious to her than her character.

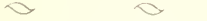
So many actresses are becoming peeresses that the aristocracy of this country should soon be known as the actressocracy.

We now treat our actresses as ladies; our ladies as actresses.

The ordinary Englishman is a man of few words; and these are generally disagreeable.

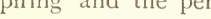


This is the Age of the well-fed ill-bred.



The proprieties are the principles of "society"; beyond them are peculiarities.

The English are divided into three classes: there are the aspiring and the perspiring; the middle class is composed of those who both aspire and perspire.



In England we are all "ladies" and "gentlemen" now; except the ladies and gentlemen themselves.

The perfection of good manners is never to be unintentionally annoying.

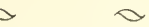
It would appear that to be a "gentleman" consists not so much in behaving as a gentleman should, but in misbehaving as a "gentleman" does.

We cross the stream of life at different places. Some wade through the shallows in a drought, others have to swim across deep waters in a storm.

We say nothing but good of the dead—for we have exhausted our stock of evil of them when they were living. It is a relief no longer to have to strain our ill-nature.

We must be very intimate with another to really enjoy his—misfortunes.

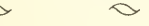
The reader of the past required a book to "pick up"; the reader of the present requires a book "to put down."



All who have made a noise in the world have had the little dogs bark at their heels.

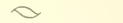
The fool succeeds where the wise man fails—for the former, generally, has the courage of his folly; the latter, the fear of his wisdom.

The tyranny of the strong is being replaced by the tyranny of the weak; the latter threatens to be the worse of the two.



There are two forces which cause modern England to move: a crisis and a craze.

It is a poor triumph that has none to share it; a great grief that has none to halve it.



Touch an American, and there is an outburst; touch an Englishman, there is an official correspondence.

Conversation is listening to yourself in the presence of others.

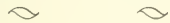
Worldly Wisdom.—The knowledge of how to misconduct yourself respectably.

Love.—A sentiment we all entertain for ourselves, and occasionally imagine others entertain for us.

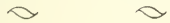
These are the days of seventy horse-power

unscrupulousness; the product of the condition is the quick-made millionaire.

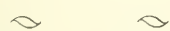
It is good to be rich, for to the rich are, generally, attributed the best motives; to the poor, the worst.



If the poor do much for the rich, the rich think it little; if the rich do a little for the poor, the poor think it much.



The troubles of the poor are seldom so intolerable as are the annoyances of the rich.



How happy would he be who should combine the advantages of wealth with the compensations of poverty!

Luxury is a harder master than necessity.

Hand-to-mouth poverty is bad, but hand-to-mouth luxury is worse; the latter has many of the evils of the former in addition to its own.

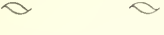
There is the Old and the New Vulgarity. The old was the worship of the established; the new is the struggle to establish ourself.

We insist that "money is the root of all evil," and behave as if it were the source of all good.

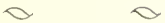
"A rolling stone gathers no moss;" it gathers gloss, however—which is considered to be altogether preferable in these days.

The most barbarous punishment of the time is to be torn to pieces by wild editors.

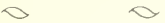
The House of Lords is composed of men who represent themselves; the House of Commons, of men who misrepresent others.



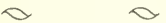
Genius is a combination of aspiration and inspiration.



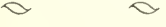
Ability will out—in England, generally, at the elbows.



Too many interests spoil the brain.

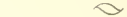


Circumstances are always stronger than combination.

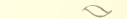


Before forty we live forwards; after forty we live backwards.

Dress well, even if you have to do so at your tailor's expense, is one of the unuttered maxims of Mayfair.



Were it not for the misfortunes of our neighbours, life would be positively unbearable.



There is no impertinence like the impertinence of mediocrity.

It is almost everything to have the courage of our opportunities.

The fallen tree is soon stripped.

Nourish the roots, and the flower will flourish.

Marriage is very good for children—it keeps them out of mischief.

Our predecessors endeavoured to make men into machines; we are endeavouring to make machines into men.

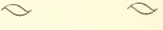
Rely less on *Dreadnoughts;* more on perambulators—a well-conditioned, well-educated child-multitude will, eventually, enrich and enlarge the Empire more than would innumerable *Dreadnoughts.*

The bath-chair governed the world; it is now the perambulator.

Earnestness, Energy, Enterprise—these are the *Dreadnoughts* that England most needs.

It is not men that make movements in England now, but movements that make the men.

There are the inevitable virtues of old age.



We live so fast now that conscience cannot overtake us.

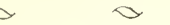
Every generation is "modern" in its turn, but ours is modern at every turn.

The New World is no longer only on the other side of the Atlantic; it is a new world everywhere to-day.

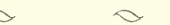
All carry with them the atmosphere of those they frequent—especially men.

Enemies are stimulants; friends, bromide—very lowering.

America is educating Europe; Europe is cultivating America.

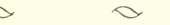


We generally turn the sunny side of our character towards the public; the shady side towards home. Were the process reversed, life would be much more happy than it is.



Few adjust themselves correctly to their focus. To be too close to others blurs delicate characteristics; to be too far off, dims.

Life is a short and uncertain period in which we continually endeavour to deceive others, and generally deceive ourselves.



If you want poetry, look for it in the prosaic, in those who feel that which they cannot express, not in those who express that which they do not feel.

Dress has been given to woman to conceal her defects.

When young we imagine the world is at our feet; when old we perceive we have been at the feet of the world.

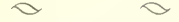
How generous we feel towards others when we want something ourselves!

Conscience is a delicate instrument for weighing the failings—of others.

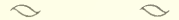
Many imagine they are making a future when they are only making a past.

There is no extravagance like poverty.

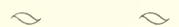
There are none so stupid as the clever, and none so clever as the stupid.



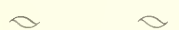
There are good-bad people and there are bad-good people; the latter are especially dangerous.



The wisdom of youth lacks confidence in self; the wisdom of age lacks confidence in others.



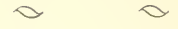
"No man is a hero to his valet," but many a man is a valet to his hero.



Consideration for others is often a form of cowardice.

Pit cleverness against character; character wins.

There is much to desire in the world, but little to admire.



It is not so much we that make our reputation as it is others that make it for us.

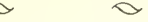
We magnify pain when it is present and minimise pleasure; we magnify pleasure when it is past and minimise pain.

There is no better interest than interest in another.

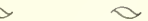
We hate less those we see through than those that see through us.

He is unfortunate indeed whose good fortune leads him to misfortune; fortunate is he whose ill-fortune leads to good fortune.

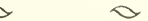
Much heart and little brains is almost as pernicious as much brains and little heart.



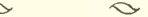
There is more heart in the world than head ; intellect only appeals to intellect ; the heart to humanity.



Beware of the rich ; the poor will do much for money ; the rich will do anything for more money.

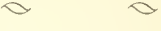


The successful draw us up to their level ; the unsuccessful, down to theirs.



There is the equity of iniquity ; a certain fairness in judging others which is seldom exercised by the just.

No woman is complete without virtue ; and few women think a man complete without vice.



At the bottom of it, it is not more comfort we strive for, but more consideration.

Well-bred incivility should seldom exceed the limit of delicate inattentions.

The great advantage to man in marriage is that it protects him from his pleasures.

Good manners come from the heart, not from the head.

Men generally love gold for the evil they can do with it ; seldom for the good.

B. is a born courtier; he is one of Nature's gentlemen's gentlemen.

It is through the innocent failings that the skilful lead men—and mislead women.

A good vice is the best qualification for good fellowship.

There are two varieties of clever people: the clever and the too clever.

Let others talk, and they will certainly agree with that which you have not said.

Originally an animal, man has been improved by circumstances, and may eventually develop into a perfect beast.

ESSAYS

ESSAYS

FLOATING down the river of life through the bewitching scenery of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, I have gathered by the way many impressions, many memories, much experience, and a few friends. But mine is not a tale that has to be told, for the skiff which carries me is of insufficient consequence to attract or to attempt considerable adventures.

Life is distressing insomuch as we give exaggerated importance to altogether unimportant matters. Drifting along, I have observed that we men and women disturb ourselves about trifles, overlooking in the needless excitement the innumerable beauties which wait upon the way. Every ripple is not a wave, every wind is not a hurricane. Why worry whilst we are still upon the stream? It will be time enough to trouble when we meet the sea. Happiness does not depend upon surroundings, but upon disposition. As we pass by the fertile plains where those Phrynes, the poppies, blush in patches amidst

the honest yellow corn and the heat shimmers over the fields, we are happy ; but when we come to where the dismal pines clustering upon either bank close out the light, why sorrow? Silence is the music of solitude. The shower freshens the foliage ; there is grandeur in the storm.

Ambition excites antagonism. Many are happier who go drifting down some unfrequented tributary than they who, gaily decked, sail along the middle stream. If our small skiff only produces a purling ripple as it breasts the waters, is this not better than to cast up boisterous waves in our wake as we hasten onwards?

The flowers of fashion have but fickle friends; they are the freak of the moment, much prized to-day, the more despised to-morrow. We are being borne through foreign lands towards an unknown port. Amidst all the music and the colour of nature, the splendour of the scenery, the perfume of the flowers, and the varying tempers of the skies, there is nothing so bewildering as the sound of the human note, the whisper in the stillness of the kindred spirit. I wander and I wonder. The world is so beautiful, and yet . . . why are we not happy?

The Skull at Christie's

IT was only a skull at Christie's. There were exhibited upon the walls around, pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Landseer, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others. In the centre of the room was scattered a miscellaneous assortment of old armour, furniture, bric-à-brac of various kinds, together with a chaotic heap of studio "properties" belonging formerly to some deceased artist. Prominent amongst these promiscuous curios was—a human skull.

I took it up.

"Here, drop that," the skull unexpectedly exclaimed.

Mightily startled at this, I obeyed, and hastened to apologise for the familiarity.

Mollified by my excuses the skull continued—

"What is it all about? Where am I?"

"These are the celebrated auction-rooms, and we are examining the curiosities that are to be sold."

"Gad! sir! you do not mean to tell me they are going to sell my skull?"

I civilly intimated this appeared to be probable.

The skull seemed amazed.

"Sell my head! Odds Bodkins! But I was a man of quality in my own day."

"Very likely," I replied; "but quantity not quality commands respect now."

"This is outrageous! I was a gentleman, I tell you."

"So I understood you to say. They are all gentlemen now—except the gentlemen themselves."

After a pause, the skull continued: "And who are these astonishing people around? It looks like an irruption from the housekeeper's room masquerading in their master's finery."

"You are pleased to be severe. This is a representative gathering of the aristocracy of the day. Honestly or otherwise these people have amassed fortunes, and with them they

purchase everything, be it curios or coronets, reputation or the relics of a bygone age." Then, with a sudden access of malice, "They are going to buy your skull. With ruby glass fitted into the sockets and an incandescent lamp concealed inside, together with a few flowers and ferns arranged around, you might be decorative. Or, they may bury you, and erecting a pretentious monument over this remnant of your remains, transform you into a venerated ancestor."

The poor skull was utterly stupefied at the suggestion.

"This is the greatest misfortune," it said, "which has occurred to me since my death. Could you not buy me yourself, and hide me in some ditch?"

"Quite impossible. I am as powerless as you are. They have long since robbed me not only of my property, but of my consequence, privileges, and even of my reputation."

"Zounds! I wish I were alive again, that I might drive them back to their proper place."

"You would do nothing of the sort, my poor friend; on the contrary, you would be as

obsequious as we are. You would eat their dinners, make love to their wives, and generally cringe before them precisely as we do."

It irritates me to see people laugh. To be cheerful is so particularly vulgar, it is almost as inexcusable as being intelligent. The way the skull laughed at the suggestion made me furious. I determined upon revenge.

"Did you not say just now that when alive you had been a person of consequence?"

"The name I bore then was Lord ——"

"Ha, ha, my friend," I interrupted, with fiendish triumph, "we have fairly caught you. This shall be made public, and they will then sell you at a great price for exportation to America. They dote upon Lords over there—even the odds and ends of them."

With a yell of anguish the skull absolutely collapsed at this.

Recipes

MAN is a cooking animal. Civilised man cooks everything — even his accounts. For this reason, the following simple recipes may be of interest.

To make a Modern English Gentlewoman

Take an American, one part lady, two parts adventuress, dress extravagantly; plunge into millionaire society; let simmer for several seasons; then add a titled husband.

To make a Modern English Gentleman

Wash a large, red stock-jobber; brush and trim; baste all over with money; arrange in a luxurious West-end house, surround with "puff"-

paste; then serve up hot. Will keep for months.

To make a Fashionable Entertainment

Put into a few small rooms some three hundred over-dressed men and under-dressed women, a minor Royalty, and two or three alien millionaires; sprinkle over a teaspoonful of principle, a quarter of a teaspoonful of good breeding, and a tablespoonful of pretension; then add music, supper, and champagne. Let the whole stew gradually.

To make a "Devil"

First catch a gentleman, then fleece him; stir up continually with writs; strain through the Bankruptcy Court, then put into the City.

To make a Literary Celebrity

Half-educate a vain youth at Oxford; let hair grow; dip into erotic French literature; add one idea, chop it small; "log-roll" the whole.

Give a grotesque name, then serve up as a rival to Milton, Sheridan, and Shakespeare.

To make an Art Critic

Open the top and extract the intelligence of a raw Brixton boy; fill up with self conceit: clean, brush, and trim; rub against a handful of similar obscure and inexperienced lads; add a glass of cheap claret on Press view days, then serve up cold in the columns of the *Penny Autocrat*. A meagre dish.

The New Treatment

NOTHING old is true; nothing new is good!

In this unsettled condition we must reconsider the things that are about us.

Fine feathers, they say, make fine women. No woman can be fine who is not healthy. Therefore, finery is the right cure for the female. That is the theory; now for the practice.

* * *

CASE I.—Mrs. A. B——. Ordinary but intractable neurosis. Old treatment: valerian, asafœtida, change and rest.

Prescribed a new bonnet. Within half an hour all uneasiness was removed and the patient recovered sufficiently to proceed to her milliner's.

Case II.—Lady Z——. Acute nephritis with suppurative phlebitis.

After exhaustive examination prescribed a new dress. Treatment instantaneously successful.

Case III.—Mrs. D——. Primary spastic paraplegia with bilateral athetosis. Old treatment: two medical advisers and a specialist.

Recommended a sapphire necklace. The trinket having been procured, slowly trailed it across the coverlet below the patient's eyes. Almost at once the distressing conditions subsided, and, though weak, in a day or two Mrs. D—— was enabled to attend a private dance to display the ornament to her numerous admiring friends.

Case IV.—Mrs. S——. Syncope, pachymeningitis, fracture-dislocation of the spinal column, diphtheritic laryngitis, ulcerative endocarditis, and cerebral thrombosis. Patient dead. Exceedingly interesting case. Old treatment: undertaker and a fashionable funeral.

Prescribed a diamond tiara. Exposed the jewel at the foot of the open coffin, but the

ornament being composed only of off-coloured Cape stones, experiment ineffectual.

Tried again later with a tiara of splendid old Indian diamonds. In a few minutes Mrs. S—— resuscitated, slowly arose, and, grasping the jewel, commenced to try effects.

Followed up the treatment, as a sedative, with complete renewal of the patient's wardrobe, concluding with a box at the Opera as a tonic. Mrs. S—— cured. The fees in the case have not yet been paid.

The Autobiography of an Aristocrat

"THE Autobiography of an Aristocrat" is an especially interesting document :—

"I am a superfluous child; a younger son.

"My harmless and necessary parents belonged to the original aristocracy, and the best.

"My father was a most inoffensive pauper; well-bred and ill-read. He led a life of strenuous idleness, and was an express-gossip.

"My mother was a hard-working peeress, who had a commanding upper part with extensive frontage, and possessed a good grave-side manner. She was always preoccupied with homespun sorrows.

"So dismal were my parents that the wits of the time described our home as a popular suicide resort.

"For years my sisters dragged every drawing-room in London, and the Park, for a husband, but at the time the matrimonial waters were sparingly supplied with elder sons.

"In these desperate circumstances it occurred to my mother to advertise in the *Morning Post* that: 'Lord and Lady —— beg to inform the nobility and gentry they have desirable daughters to dispose of at greatly reduced prices. No reasonable offer refused. Family established over five hundred years.' My elder brother fortunately persuaded her to abandon the project, as it might lay him open to ridicule.

"However, one sister made a business-marriage with an elderly man, a member of the bloated democracy, and the other is still at liberty.

"My elder brother was a prosperous-looking pauper who had a ready-money air which was most prepossessing.

"He early formed a residential attachment to Mrs. ——, who was greatly esteemed in the best divorce circles.

"The prolonged good health of her husband caused the lady the gravest anxiety, but a

scandalous story, in which the former was involved, having become public, this affected his spirits, and he died—as his friends said—of exposure.

"My brother felt compelled to marry the lady, but he greatly regretted the necessity.

"The bachelor's burden is his best friend's wife.

"However, he inaugurated a movement in the West End to present his wife with a reputation in recognition of his and her long services to 'society,' but before that came to anything he met with an accident, and the lady was left for a second time a widow.

"I inherited from my father nothing but his bad name; from my brother a flirting and dancing connection. From my early youth I have been a well-dressed man, described as a gentleman, and I soon became addicted to millionaire habits.

"My father had assured me that for a man of birth to dine out every night all that was necessary was a dress-suit, a shirt, and a smile.

"I soon found, however, that as a detrimental I was causing an obstruction.

"The infirmities of youth compelled me to give frequently little sentimental dinners, and I became possessed of a bijou connection of disorderly Duchesses, and titled and untitled spendthrifts, and was within easy distance of the best 'society.'

"However, after a time, I became the recipient of many interesting presentations in the form of summonses and writs, and my friends, upon whom no expense had been spared, began to desert me.

"Nevertheless, the injuries I had sustained were so slight that little hopes of my succumbing were entertained.

"Whilst I was endeavouring to dispose of my debts, and was exploring the diamondiferous deposits of May Fair for the purpose, I encountered a pleasantly-situated widow, who occupied a mansionette in Curzon Street.

"She had a commodious character, was exceptionally well-furnished, and since the death of her husband had been redecorated throughout in the most artistic manner, the result being that she ranked as one of the most desirable widows in London.

"She had been struggling for years on the outskirts of 'society,' but embarrassed by an alcoholic husband, a man who was commonly reported to belong to the belabouring class.

"I convinced her that this was a splendid opportunity for a woman with five thousand a year, but did not disclose I was urgently in need of a rich wife to relieve me of my immediate distress.

"The lady at once perceived I occupied a favourite position in 'society,' possessed auxiliary advantages, and was in fact the best value in London.

"We married.

"The social salvage corps came immediately to the rescue, and dined with us continually. I am now rich, respected, and it is said by those whose opinion I least value, that I have 'done exceedingly well for myself,' which means I have done exceedingly well for them, for they are anxious to dine with me.

"Wealth instantly purifies the past and beautifies the character."

The Sultan and the Vizier

THERE flourished once at Fez a certain Vizier who was famous throughout the kingdom of Morocco for the high opinion he entertained of himself, his virtues, his talents, his power, and his wealth; as also for the habit he had of perpetually reminding his neighbours of how great, good, wise, rich, and altogether admirable he was.

Blessed be Allah, such characters are not uncommon even amongst ourselves!

Yet, singularly enough, he was not a literary man!

The fame of him having reached the Court, the Sultan invited the Vizier to dinner, and with Asiatic insidiousness encouraged him to enlarge upon his favourite theme. At the close of the feast, however, turning suddenly upon

him, the Sultan said: "My good man, you think a great deal too much of yourself, and you talk a great deal too much of yourself." Then, calling for his guard, he had the Vizier stripped and taken to the market, where, being sold by auction, he was knocked down to the highest bidder for the modest sum of eightpence.

* * *

Allah is great, indeed! But it is difficult to perceive why the career of so splendid a despot should have been cut short in the midst of its usefulness. Had that Sultan been appointed to rule over Great Britain, and been permitted to carry out his policy for the suppression of inordinate conceit, we should by now be rejoicing at the mortification of innumerable pigmy politicians, pinchbeck courtiers, social upstarts, inflated officials, artistic frauds, over-rated authors and authoresses, Puritanical Pecksniffs, incompetent critics, and self-sufficient journalists.

The American Father

ADAM in Paradise discovered Eve; Eve discovered Original Sin; and Christopher Columbus discovered America.

These are three critical epochs in human history.

It has been reserved for me to establish the fourth. I discovered the American father.

* * *

For a quarter of a century Europe has been overrun with American visitors. The type is a very familiar one.

There is the American mother—stout, sleek, self-sufficient, a peripatetic "great lady" with all the polish of the Palace—of Varieties.

The American daughter—peerlessly beautiful, singularly fascinating, fabulously wealthy (by repute) and atrociously artificial.

The American younger daughter—a precocious hobble-de-hoy with not the very faintest symptom of coming good looks.

But never a father!

Wherever it may be, whether in Paris or London, at Rome, or on the Riviera, the American father is conspicuous by his persistent absence. There is never even a photograph of him. His existence is generally suggested to us through a series of ill-suppressed sighs. He is an incurable dipsomaniac, who has wrecked the American mother's life.

American fathers must be fiendishly wicked.

* * *

I was sitting in Rotten Row one afternoon revelling in the farewell favours of the splendid summer, when a stranger strolled up and settled himself upon the chair next to mine. He was of a communicative disposition, and we soon became talkative. We spoke of many things; we discussed the weather, the attractions of London, the

Limited Monarchy, and—the proposed abolition of the House of Lords.

"Well, stranger," said my neighbour, with that musical twang which is so decided an improvement upon our old-world pronunciation, "you must understand that I regard this measure from an absolutely disinterested point of view. I am an American father. . . .'

With a yell of triumph I bounced from the chair, and, clutching the creature by the throat, I hissed through the teeth, "Man, you lie!"

It was a terrific moment. I gradually calmed down, when he very generously proved to me that his assertion was correct.

* * *

It is impossible, of course, to describe my feelings. The excitement of a lifetime was crowded into a short period. I felt like the naturalist who should chance upon a live dodo.

"Sir," I asked, "tell me as a man now—and pray excuse any apparent discourtesy—are you an incorrigible drunkard?"

He assured me this was not in any way the case.

"Have you ruined the middle-aged hopes, blighted the middle-aged life, crushed the gentle spirit of your devoted and inconsolable wife?"

He smiled curiously.

"Do you or do you not belong to one of the 'First Families' of America?"

"Well, I don't precisely know," he replied, "but mother, I believe, before she emigrated to the States did do charing for your first families over here. Is it to this you refer?"

"Man," I continued, "do not trifle. This is a memorable moment. Is your daughter fabulously rich?"

The surprise this time was altogether upon his side. Starting up, he said, "What . . . my Janie rich? Well, I am right glad to hear of it, and I hope she will spare her poppa a dollar or two to pull along with, for I tell it to you straight, stranger, I am about as dead broke as they make them."

* * *

The shades of evening were rapidly closing in, the dew was settling upon the ground, the

yellow gold lights of the lamps of London were casting warmth upon the cold grey street, and cabs and carriages were flitting along Piccadilly, bearing skilfully undressed women to dinner or to the play, when tearing myself from the American father—by the way, I handed him half a sovereign; it was a bad one—I hurried back to the club, with all the feverishness of accomplished greatness upon me.

Adam—Eve—Christopher Columbus—and I—the four epoch-making discoverers in the long life of human history!

A Dialogue with a Dowager

I PROPOSE some day preparing a small volume of "Dialogues with the Dowagers." In this form I conceive much practical worldly wisdom might be conveyed in a popular style, and that experience imparted to the young, at a moderate cost, which has generally to be acquired at the expense of crushed sentiment, ruined hopes and considerable hardening of the heart. The plan would be somewhat as follows:—

The Expert Dowager and the Social Mannikin

She: "My son—what is your present fortune, and what expectations have you for the future? Forgive these personal inquiries, but you will readily admit when you reach my age how essential

such considerations are in the formation of a correct appreciation of character."

HE : "Madam, my father is wealthy, and he provides me with a substantial allowance. Being his eldest son, I shall inherit, of course, the greater part of his property."

SHE : "Is your father aged or infirm?"

HE : "He is both the one and the other."

SHE : "Capital. By this I perceive you are a young man of superior excellence, of unusual intelligence, and one altogether deserving of my very highest esteem. Do I understand you entertain an inordinate opinion of yourself?"

HE : "Most undoubtedly."

SHE : "Admirable youth—you will succeed. Are you prepared to cringe before those who are commonly considered to be, for the moment, your superiors?"

HE : "I will most cheerfully undertake to do this, reserving to myself the right of discarding them, however, the instant that even the suspicion of adversity overtakes them."

SHE : "Fond boy, your reward equally in this world and in the next is assured. You will never exempt from this rule even those who have shown

you the very greatest kindness or have done you the most substantial services?"

He: "Decidedly not—indeed, these more than any others may be assured of my bitter and undying resentment, should Fate ever provide them with reverses."

She: "Oh, young man of infinite wisdom! Yours is, indeed, a character worthy of the highest admiration. The world is at your feet, and for you are reserved its innumerable rewards and privileges. Cultivate with perseverance the prominent, the fortunate, and the prosperous, spurn the impecunious and the insignificant, be sedulously commonplace, give to those who have much, and ignore those who have little. Sentiment is folly, the justification of the wisdom of the world is success. Wit is tiresome; it maintains the brain in unnecessary activity. Secure platitudes are amply sufficient for our conversational requirements. Intelligent men and women are perilous and success alone makes them reputable.

"Go, my son, and prosperity be with you. These are the counsels of an aged woman wise in her world; and rest assured, do you but follow them

conscientiously, you will attain the esteem of your superiors, the affection of your equals, and the spontaneous respect of your inferiors."

It is the narrow mind which is alone respectable —to the narrow-minded.

The Bride and Bridegroom

(SITUATION: *Bride and bridegroom in the carriage driving from the church to the breakfast.*)

HE (*placing a hand affectionately on one hand of the bride*): "At last, darling, you are mine."

(*She shrugs her shoulders petulantly.*)

HE (*laughingly*): "You do not seem to appreciate this so much as I do."

SHE: "Why should I? You have got what you wished for; I have not."

HE (*somewhat startled*): "Are you dissatisfied with the presents you have received, or disappointed at the attendance at the church? Surely you must see I am fashionable and popular, and you know I am rich."

SHE: "I am well aware of all that. This is the setting, but where is the jewel?"

HE (*amazed*): "But you have just promised to 'love, honour, and obey,' me . . ."

SHE (*interrupting*): "That is a mere formality; besides, I was too agitated to think of the significance of the words I was repeating. Also, you could not expect me to make a scene in the church?"

HE (*aghast*): "Do you intend to convey that you have made me marry you under false pretences?"

SHE: "Certainly not. You see a peach in the window at the fruiterer's. Is it the business of the shopman to warn you that it may possibly disagree with you? It is the business of the peach to look appetising, of the shopman to sell it at the highest price he can, of the buyer to consider if it may upset his digestion, and if he can afford the luxury."

HE: "In other words, it is the business of parents to marry their daughters to men who have money, and of the daughters to assist them in doing this?"

SHE: "That is the conventional system of the time, and it is not for a girl of eighteen to resist it. You are older, you have feasted with

Folly, and you have experience. Your vanity and your desire have blinded you."

He (*despairingly*): "You have ruined my life."

She (*furiously*): "How dare you? Do you not see it is *you* who have ruined mine?"

(*The carriage reaches its destination; the bride and bridegroom step out smiling, and receive the congratulations of their assembled friends. "Happy man!" say the men; "Lucky girl!" cry the women, and everybody is agreed that the parents of the bride are clever.*)

History of Humanity

Chapter I

THE earliest information we have of man is that he was created. Having exhausted himself in calling the animals names he proceeded to go to—sleep!

Chapter II

Woman then occurs, and her first recorded act was to—appropriate one of man's ribs for her own convenience.

Chapter III

Woman is now at the summit of feminine terrestrial prosperity. She possesses the only living man, and she inhabits the Paradise of Pleasure.

The next incident, therefore, is in inevitable sequence.

Straying from Adam, Eve enters into conversation with the only other talking creature in the garden—to wit, the Serpent, the most villainous, repulsive, and venomous animal of all.

To emphasise the situation, this particular serpent is Satan—the principle of Evil.

Chapter IV

The Serpent deceives Eve, who, possessing entire happiness, characteristically exchanges it for something—new !

Chapter V

Eve rejoins Adam; prevails upon him to make a fool of himself as she already had of herself, and hiding—leaves the first man to tell the first lie !

Chapter VI

Adam and Eve are summarily expelled from Paradise.

Thus upon the first day, the first woman fell at the first temptation, ruined the first man, and accomplished sufficient mischief to endure even until the last trumpet shall summon the last man to attend the Last Judgment!

A very creditable undress rehearsal.

Chapter VII

Reproduce the ingredients of this episode, with ingenious elaboration, innumerable billions of times, and you have the complete "History of Humanity" from the first breath to the last sigh.

Addenda

In the course of the eventful first day, the first woman invented the first fashion!

Finis

* * *

A circumstance of interest is that Eve inaugurated female dress with a leaf, and since then till recently Fashion has continually added

to the costume which a civilised woman shall wear. It has been reserved for this age, however, to reverse the process by rapidly undressing her, and it may be, therefore, that the end of the world will occur when woman reaches again the inexpensive starting-point.

A Club Conversation.—I

THE human soul within its living cell incessantly endeavours to reveal to its neighbouring captives that unappreciated or misunderstood self which lies concealed behind the walls of its prison. What efforts, what sacrifices do not all cheerfully make to secure the appreciation of their fellow-men! How all toil, dissemble, and intrigue, to impress upon their neighbours a favourable estimate of the personality concealed within! And all this self-denial, dissimulation, and anxiety, for what end? Were Jones to die to-day, Smith would to-morrow at the Club casually remark to Robinson—

"Have you heard? Jones is dead."

To which the answer would inevitably be—

R.: "Really" (*with an inflection of mild regret*). "Poor chap! . . . When did he die?"

S.: "Yesterday evening."

R.: "Poor chap" (*feelingly*). (*Pause.*) . . . "Are you lunching here? Let's lunch together."

And with this curt conversational obituary the life-long toil of Jones, his eager, incessant anxiety to obtain affection, esteem, and respect would all be dismissed into eternal oblivion.

Or, is it Crœsus Flint that should embark on the final journey, Robinson would inquire—

"Is it true old Crœsus is dead?"

S.: "Yes (*mournfully*); he died on Wednesday."

R.: "Hum! . . . No more dinners." (*Pause.*) . . . "I wonder what he died worth?"

S. (*dubiously*): "I shouldn't think very much. He spent almost every shilling he made in doing the thing well. Dreadful old 'tuft-hunter.' Never missed a chance of doing a good turn—if he thought it might eventually prove serviceable to him."

R. (*with a slight smile of reminiscent depreciation*): "Yes. . . . He gave capital dinners, though. . . . Poor chap!"

With this brief summary, all the popularity, the generosity, the hospitality of the departed Crœsus would be wiped away for ever.

Or, Mrs. Jones it is has crossed the boundary-line into eternity and little Mrs. Chenevix, having

contrived to secure the first news of the catastrophe, promptly hurries around the town to communicate the exciting intelligence.

"My dear Polly, *have* you heard (*tantalisingly*)? . . . Poor Jemima Jones died this morning in the most horrible agonies. They say it took two doctors and all the footmen to hold her down." (*Picturesque accentuation on the "all".*)

Mrs. R.: "You don't say so (*with mixed awe and pleasurable excitement*). Why it was only the other day she was here painted up to the very eyes, as usual. How shocking! (*A pause to allow the exquisite horrors of the situation to permeate properly.*) . . . I wonder what Brown will do now?"

Mrs. C.: "Just what struck me, my dear. (*Appropriate expressiveness of the eyes.*) . . . Thought you would like to hear the dreadful news. . . . Goodbye" (*cheerily*). And hastens off to communicate the intelligence to other mutual friends—or enemies—indiscriminately, with a happy consciousness that the early news of poor Mrs. Jones's death will somehow beneficially associate her personally with the temporarily absorbing incident.

A Club Conversation.—II

A SERIES of Club Conversations should be very instructive. The following is to be regarded merely as a specimen :—

SCENE : *A Club.*

Enter SMITH.

JONES : "Well, Smith, how are you? How is the world treating you?"

SMITH : "Magnificently! You know Midas, the Klondike King?"

JONES : "Yes, by name. An abominable ruffian, is he not?"

SMITH (*laughing*) : "A colossal thief, I should imagine . . . but a very useful man to know. His Klondike Consolidateds are already at eight,

and Midas tells me he and his gang are going to force them up to twenty. . . . I have five hundred of them."

JONES: "What was the property valued at originally?"

SMITH: The capital of the concern is a million. Of course, before the shares reach twenty, we who are behind the scenes will sell out."

JONES: "And who will bear the loss?"

SMITH: "The public, obviously."

JONES: "You call that business? It appears to me Midas is merely a gigantic swindler, and that those who are 'behind the scenes,' as you call it, are accessories to the act and, therefore, swindlers too."

SMITH: "But there is nothing illegal in manipulating the market, or in forcing shares up to a fictitious value."

JONES: "Only because the Legislature never contemplated that modern ingenuity would devise such an elaborate system of fraud."

SMITH: "But every one in the West End and in the City speculates on such private information. It is to obtain this we make the acquaintance of men like Midas, give them dinners, put their

names down for election at our clubs, and show them much civility."

JONES: "All that only makes the matter worse. It shows the West End is now so eager to make money that it altogether disregards the first principles of honesty."

SMITH: "My good Jones, it is waste of time to discuss business principles with you. . . . Wait till I have sold my Klondike Consolidateds, and you will come to eat my ill-gotten delicacies and drink my ill-gotten wines."

. . . . .

SCENE: *The Same Club.* TIME: *Six Months Later.*

Enter SMITH.

JONES: "Well, Smith, how is Midas?"

SMITH (*savagely*): "A d——d scoundrel! He ought to be in gaol, and if I can get him there I shall."

JONES: "Why? Did Klondike Consolidateds not go up to twenty?"

SMITH: "Of course they did not. Midas merely unloaded his own shares upon his friends

at eight, after which the concern collapsed. He made his money; we lost ours."

JONES (*chuckling*) : "So long as Midas was only going to cheat the obscure public, retired tradesmen, clergymen, and ignorant widows, there was nothing dishonest in the transaction. When, however, he caught you, he became an abominable scoundrel."

SMITH : "My good Jones, it is useless to talk about business with you. Any man who possesses the slightest knowledge of business can see that . . ."

JONES (*interrupting*) : "To cheat others is honest, but it is dishonest to cheat us."

[*Exit* SMITH (*growling*).

A Snap-Shot

"SNAPSHOTS at the Serious," might provide entertaining reading:—

SCENE: *Editorial Office of a Daily Paper.*
TIME: 11 *p.m.*

EDITOR: Mr. Jones, the paper seems somewhat colourless to-night."

MR. JONES (*Sub-Editor, opening telegrams*): "Yes, 'Serious battle in the East; three thousand Chinamen killed!'"

EDITOR: "Ah!"

MR. JONES: "'Appalling shipwreck; foundering of a passenger steamer, with enormous loss of life.'"

EDITOR: "Good."

MR. JONES: "'Horrible double murder and attempted suicide in Whitechapel.'"

EDITOR: "Anything else?"

Mr. Jones: "'Atrocious outrage; woman burnt alive by her husband.'"

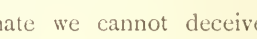
Editor: "Good indeed!"

Mr. Jones: "There is an important death: 'Viscount Scaramouch died this morning at Scaramouch Castle.'"

Editor: "Excellent. With regard to the 'Leaders'—we might have a vigorous high-toned article deprecating the increasing popular appetite for sensational matter. The writer should insist that the mission of the Press is to educate the public mind. He should particularly denounce 'society' journalism for cultivating a class of readers that enjoy personalities and scandal."

The Editor returns home confident he is doing admirable work in his generation.

It is fortunate we cannot deceive others so easily as we deceive ourselves.



The editors of the English newspapers did not employ such gifted poster-writers a hundred and odd years ago as their successors do now. Had the poster-writers of to-day had to announce

the events of the Revolution in France, they probably would have provided head-lines on the following patterns :—

EXECUTION

of

KING LOUIS XVI.

SENSATIONAL SCENES AT THE GUILLOTINE

INTERVIEW WITH THE EXECUTIONER

From our Own Correspondent.

ALL THE WINNERS

And some months later :—

MARIE ANTOINETTE BEHEADED

PROGRESS THROUGH THE STREETS

SANSON THE EXECUTIONER

Description of the Queen's Dress

FOOTBALL RESULTS

A little ruin goes a long way, even if it be only the ruin of—a reputation.

Cynical as the sentiment may seem, it is human, a circumstance proved by the activity displayed in supplying atrocities for the gratification of this appetite. Every instant of the day, and from every region of the globe, there is flashed across the wires each calamity which the moment produces. "Shocking Suicides,' "Terrible Tragedies," "Disgraceful Disclosures," "Attempted Assassinations," "Murder and Madness"—how attractive are these alliterative announcements! How exquisite that new sense which our civilisation has developed, that passive participation at the breakfast-table and in the smoking-room in the latest vicissitudes of humanity!

And yet we are not ghouls. We have hearts, and feel—for ourselves. But our own afflictions, somehow, are excessive trials, whilst the misfortunes of our neighbours are invariably just and temperate judgements. And here is displayed the ingenuity of the New Philosophy; for, as sorrow and suffering are said to be considerably in excess of happiness—which they cer-

tainly are not—we are enabled to attain by this latest system the utmost gratification possible. Myriads of hearts throb to soothe—an idle moment; and thousands endure anguish to contribute—a sensation.

It is indeed an exquisite reflection that we all suffer together to accumulate the general fund of human enjoyment—that each contributes his share of misfortune towards the reasonable enlivenment of his fellow-men!

"The Daily Cinematograph"

THERE is no hope for human nature! In the distant past, those who came before us gathered in the Colosseum to see their fellow-creatures fight and die. Circumstances eventually modified that custom, and we took to reading in the newspapers descriptions of battles, massacres, murders, accidents, and assaults. *The Daily Cinematograph*—the moving-picture-paper—which will be produced eventually—will enable us once more to see our fellow-creatures suffer. The proprietors of *The Daily Cinematograph* will supply to each of their subscribers an instrument as the National Telephone Company provides a telephone. Every morning a roll of records will be delivered, and the subscriber will only have to fix this in the instrument, and enlarged pictures of all the most interesting events

of the moment will be reproduced on a screen. Should the subscriber wish to linger over a particular massacre or murder, race or railway accident, by merely moving a lever he will have the picture repeated as often as he likes. Between each scene there will be a space devoted to advertisements. There will be a "Special Scandal Column," which is sure to interest the women, for it will reproduce scenes in Hyde Park, the restaurants, the theatres, and even, it is hoped, the ball-rooms. In these records it will be seen that Lady Jones and Captain Smith, for instance, are continually together, and are generally talking to each other earnestly. As the reproduction of such circumstances will obviously not be libellous, scandal will have much freer scope—a development which all have been awaiting with impatience.

"Good News"

WHY should the Devil have all the newspapers? Accounts of wars, disputes, murders, suicides, divorces, frauds, and scandals, together with the latest betting and the prices of speculative stock, nearly fill the columns of most journals. Yet every competent observer, from time immemorial, has decided that there is more good in the world than evil. Is there not room, therefore, for such a daily newspaper as *Good News*, which should deal with the better side of the human character, and should direct attention to the generosity, self-sacrifice and heroism of life?

It is much a matter of custom. "Our Own Correspondent" assiduously singles out passages in foreign newspapers which will probably cause irritation, and despatches them to his journal at home. In time the two nations become embittered, and are brought to the brink of war. He forgets that the Press is a politician. The

reporter ferrets out every detail of the latest "Horrible Murder" or "Shocking Suicide," and the public mind absorbs this unwholesome matter. He forgets that the Press is an educator. The sub-editor spreads the bad example under the headings of "West End Divorce Case" and "Society Scandal," though he ignores the vast amount of excellent work which is unobtrusively done by the well-connected and rich. He forgets that the Press is a preacher.

Such a newspaper should be devoted to the cheerful sides of life. Its reporters would hunt our all that is pleasant, and the editor would do his best to encourage the public to look at things at their brightest. There are very few murderers, the minority are thieves, not the majority; the amount of premeditated villainy is comparatively small; there is more kindness than unkindness in the world, and in most lives there are more agreeable than disagreeable incidents, only we are inclined to brood over the latter and to forget the former. A newspaper edited on such lines would start its readers in a cheerful mood each morning; and nothing is more contagious than cheerfulness, nor more necessary to success.

The New "Gentleman" and "Lady"

THEY are all ladies and gentlemen now—except the ladies and gentlemen themselves. It is not a revolution, it is a great reversal. Gentility of gentility: all is gentility! Servants are "Helps"—they are "Lady Cooks," "Companion-Maids," "Lady Housemaids," and "Lady Helps." The page has developed into a "Gentlemanly Youth." The old-fashioned "Boots" at the hotel is converted into a "Valet." The handy man who runs errands is a "Commissionaire." A lodger is a "Paying Guest"; rooms are "Chambers"; apartments are "Suites," and a house is either a "Mansion" or a "Residence." Refreshment bars are "Buffets," and dining-rooms are "Restaurants."

A shop is an "Establishment"; the master is the "Chief"; his assistant is a "Young Gentleman," and the assistants collectively are the "Staff." The junior clerks are "Under Secretaries"; the work-people, "Employés." A situation is indifferently described as a "Post," an

"Engagement," and an "Appointment." Wages are either a "Remuneration" or an "Honorarium," and perquisites are the "Emoluments of Office"! They no longer sell, they "Transact business." A bill is an "Account." The tailor is a "Practical Tailor," and the dressmaker a "Scientific Modiste." A picture-dealer's shop is a "Gallery," a bazaar is an "Exhibition"; and a music-hall is a "Palace of Varieties." The chorus girl who performs at a theatre is an "Artiste"; the man who walks the tight-rope, does a deep dive or fasts for money is a "Professor." A dame school is a "College."

The railway porter is an "Officer of the Company"; the banker is a Baron; the manager of the branch office is an "Agent"; the brewer is a Peer; and the broker a broken Baronet. The chairman of a club committee is a "President." Subscribers to the various institutes are "Fellows." Every other man draggles a cluster of descriptive consonants after his name—a middle-class consolation for not having inherited a title attached to the commencement.

It would appear from the papers that every one is either "Accomplished," "Well connected,"

"Popular," "Accustomed to the best society," "Gifted," or "Well known." Apparently it suffices to stroll occasionally in Hyde Park to claim incorporation with "society." Never have there been so many "Celebrities," "Distinguished" men and women, and "Eminent" personages. Toss a pebble up in a crowded thoroughfare, and it is a million to one it falls either upon a "Talented authoress" a "Popular author" or a "Well-known journalist." At the rebound it will most certainly strike an "Influential member of society"! When Diogenes started to search for an honest man he undertook a task not to be compared with what a search would be to find an obscure person now.

There is a thin layer of gentility covering a block of the very commonest material. A little English, a little French, a little singing, a little music, and much fallacious knowledge of the follies of "society." Having few immortal gods, there have been manufactured a multitude of idols which we venerate with insincere devotion.

We are suffering from two evils: drawing-room democracy on the one hand, parlour pride on the other.

Perfect Albion

PERFECTION on an island is the condition which we are convinced has been conferred upon us. Our fellow-creatures on the Continent are collectively "Dirty foreigners." Each nation is accorded an adjective that indicates in which direction it particularly differs from ourselves; there are the "Vicious French," the "Vulgar Americans," the "Coarse Germans," the "Superstitious Spaniards," the "Treacherous Italians," the "Barbarous Russians," and the "Cowardly Belgians"!

There are, moreover, portions of our own community that are unsatisfactory; they are the "Beggarly Scotch," the "Mad Irish," the "Thieving Welsh," the "Idolatrous Catholics," the "Canting Methodists," and the "Psalm-singing Dissenters" generally.

Another step has to be taken to reach the inner John Bull. The populace is the "Common herd," the "Swinish multitude," that should not be educated, should not participate in the government of the Empire, and should be induced to emigrate; and the "Loathsome middle-class," that must be kept at a distance.

We have now reached the core of creation: the English—not British—territorial magnates who, by inference, are virtuous, refined, enlightened, honourable, civilised, brave, generous, sane, honest, orthodox, and of a superior creation to the rest of the multitude that composes the British Empire.

It may be opportune to mention that this element is the heart of "society," the group that is so continually denounced by preachers, philosophers, and writers.

In England we are in a condition of advanced stupidity; notwithstanding the enormous increase

of freedom of thought and action, of education and experience, we are still cramped by the system which was developed in the Dark Ages! We still occasionally describe the multitude as "The common people"; it is a significant circumstance, however, that the use of the phrase is daily becoming less frequent. Every condition which was formerly not affected by the hereditary superior amongst us is even now described contemptuously; the "Low Journalist," "Poor Artist," "Common Actor," "Worthless Actress," "Dirty Jew," "Snivelling Dissenter," "City Shark," "Pettifogging Attorney," and "Swindling Shopkeeper" are expressions that occur at once to the memory. On the other side of the social chasm are "The Noble Lord," "The Reverend Gentleman," "The Gallant Officer," and "The Honourable Member"! The iniquity of this situation is far more serious than it appears to be on the surface. The "Noble Lord" has to be convicted of a vast amount of villainy before the efficacy of the descriptive adjective is even diminished; enormous success must be achieved by the "Poor Artist," "Low Journalist," "Dirty Jew," "Common Actor," and "Swindling Shop-

keeper" before the latter are absolved from the unnecessary consequences of not being born of the class that inherits superiority. To the "Noble" Lord and his connections were allotted the best opportunities, and the system provided numerous checks to prevent them from sinking to the social depths—unless they were traitors to the cause. Those on the other side of the artificial gulf had not only to make their own opportunities, but to succeed mightily in spite of a multitude of obstacles cunningly devised to check their advance. The greater part of this villainous machinery still exists. Those who support progress and reform here are "agitators," "demagogues," and "socialists" yet.

. . . . .

The almost idolatrous attitude we have now assumed in this country towards the rich is somewhat excusable when considered in that light. The acquisition of great wealth by inheritance, marriage, effort, fraud, or any other means, at once frees the "City Shark," "Common Actor," "Swindling Shopkeeper," "Dirty Jew," "Snivelling Dissenter," "Low Journalist," and the rest

from the malign influences of their former condition. There is a frantic rush for wealth and its baptismal advantages. Would it not be wise simply to remove the disqualifications which the folly of our ancestors elaborated?

The New Marriage

1. The ordinary woman is trained to catch a man, not to keep a husband. As a girl, she dances much, sings more, dresses simply but attractively, smiles when it is to her interest to do so, and is apparently devoted to home. That conduct implies cheerfulness, economy, and contentment. It is, however, only her ante-nuptial manner. Many a man could describe his experience six months after marriage in these words: "My wife is a parcel of assorted follies and failings, enclosed in a decorative wrapper and labelled 'Mixed Chocolates,' but after marriage I discovered it to be a packet of acid drops."

Would an ordinary commercial transaction conducted on these lines be considered honest?

2. The ordinary man expects to obtain by marriage—

A toy.
A wife.
A submissive companion.
A useful ally.
A housekeeper.
A nurse.
A devoted mother for his children.
An angel in alpaca.

The last material is especially mentioned to show he expects her to be economical.

He wishes woman to have all the virtues, and, for private use, some of the vices.

The ordinary man selects the woman who is to be his wife when his mind is as much confused by the fumes of love as that of a drunken person is by those of wine. When the fumes evaporate, he discovers his imagination has conferred upon her a hundred and one qualities she does not possess.

There is deliberate deceit on one side, there is self-deception on the other. Would an ordinary contract completed in these conditions be expected by any sane man or woman to be satisfactory?

3. Registration of the Unmarried.—The

properly qualified man who wishes to vote at a Parliamentary election is compelled to enter his name on the local register. Men and women who are willing to marry should be compelled to enter their names on the matrimonial register of the district. They should be required to give, on oath, a correct description of themselves, and to produce the sworn declarations of two substantial references that they are that which they represent themselves to be.

Thus a woman would swear that her golden hair is not dyed; her teeth are those Nature provided for her personal use; her figure is not materially improved by artificial assistance; that she is healthy, good-tempered, and possesses other qualities, accomplishments, or advantages. The references—her parents, guardians, friends, or employers—should declare they have reasonable cause to believe her description of herself is correct.

A man would declare that he is healthy, good-tempered, sober, industrious, and regular in his habits, and his references would bear witness to the truth of his statements.

Were it discovered after marriage that either

had substantially misrepresented his or her condition or character, the contract could be annulled by the Court expeditiously, inexpensively, and with no more publicity than would be necessary to inform the world that in consequence of error on the part of the man or woman they had ceased to be husband and wife.

The slight costs and the care of the child—if there were one—would be imposed on the offending person, or, failing him or her, on his or her references. That would compel parents to abandon the habit of assisting their daughters to deceive unmarried men.

Why should dishonesty be permitted at the altar, and perjury in the Divorce Court?

Matrimonial Advisers.—Many a man who requires a bracing, obtains a relaxing wife; and many a woman who requires a relaxing, secures a bracing husband. The matrimonial adviser, when consulted, might prescribe as follows: "Sir—You are a weak-willed man, and it is necessary for you to marry a bracing woman, who will rule you with a firm but gentle hand. Were you united to a relaxing woman, you would probably both be wretched."

Professional Pacifiers.—There are many women who are eagerly endeavouring to obtain employment. Some of them should undertake to be professional pacifiers. A severe dispute has broken out at home, and it is feared complications may develop. The husband or wife calls through the telephone for a professional pacifier, who hurries to the house, investigates the case, administers sedative advice, and recommends great care and agreeable diet. The inflammatory symptoms diminish under treatment, and the cause of irritation is eventually removed. For these services the pacifier receives a guinea a visit. Is it not cheaper to pay that fee than to let ill-nature run its course, or to part with twenty guineas for a conciliatory costume, the price the husband frequently has to pay to cure an outbreak of matrimonial discord?

* * *

Can anything be more heinous and revolting when critically considered than our present methods of marrying and giving in marriage? Up to the age of seventeen or thereabouts we

carefully educate our daughters to the observance of excessive and exaggerated modesty and purity, and then, instantaneously half unclothing them, night after night we exhibit their suggestively displayed and decorated charms to the gaze of possible purchasers. Call it "Going into 'society'" if you will—still, practically, this is what it comes to. In youth we impress upon our maidens the beauty of disinterested love, we feed them on fairy tales and polished poetry, and then, launching them into the world of fact, suddenly reversing all former precepts, we impress upon them the absolute necessity of marrying for money. Their education is artificial and based on the unconscious desire to float a spurious article on the matrimonial market. In a seductive atmosphere of music, perfume, and luxury, the eligible man, dazzled and inebriated by the illusive surroundings, is entrapped by the combined blandishments of the selling parent and the child on sale. Can this possibly be a proper method of contracting the most serious and important compact of human life—a compact which, if it is in the least likely to prove even tolerable, should be founded on combined esteem and interest? With us, in the

majority of cases, the man purchases a toy sold to the highest bidder in the dearest market in conditions skilfully contrived to delude and obscure his judgment. Can it for a moment be contended that this is either judicious or justifiable?

The Confession of Faith of the "Nouveau Riche"

WHO made you?—Mrs. Montmorency Scattercash.

Why did she make you?—That I might pay her debts, drive her about in my carriage, and make myself generally useful to her.

In whose image and likeness did she make you?—According to the latest type at present in vogue.

Is this likeness in your body or in your soul?—In neither. It is mainly in my clothes and general behaviour.

How is your behaviour in accordance with the latest fashion?—In that I possess no opinions or principles whatever of my own, and do not mind what I do, so long as I do it in distinguished society.

What is Reputation?—The estimate your Neighbours entertain of your wealth and social position.

Who is your Neighbour?—Any one received in "good society."

Should you love your Neighbour?—Certainly—in proportion to the popularity he or she temporarily enjoys.

What is Fashion?—The latest frivolity practised by the smallest number.

Why should you follow Fashion?—That I may be recognised as one of the "right sort."

How are you to know what is the Fashion?—By consulting dressmakers and imitating notorious Parisian *soubrettes*.

What is Hope?—An ardent desire of obtaining whatever you may wish for, whatever its character.

What is Charity?—Assisting those who may directly, or indirectly, be in any way useful to you hereafter.

What is Prudence?—Doing whatever you please without compromising yourself publicly.

What is Justice?—Strongly condemning the slightest failings of others, whilst readily condoning our own most infamous iniquities.

What is Fortitude?—Enduring wealth and prosperity without excessive complaint.

What is Temperance?—Never so over-doing anything that it may entail regrettable consequences.

What is Understanding?—A just appreciation of the ever-varying social values of your friends and acquaintance.

What is Knowledge?—Whom to ask to dinner, and whom not to.

What is Joy?—The perfect realisation of your Neighbour's slightest annoyances.

What is Modesty?—Not to dress lower than the most *décolletée* woman in the room.

Which are the two great precepts of Charity?—To love yourself with your whole heart, your whole soul, and your whole mind—and always to hope for the very worst with regard to your neighbour.

Which are the Poor?—Badly dressed people whom we occasionally sing to in the East End of London.

What is Humility?—A virtue we frequently assume, but seldom possess.

What is Meekness?—Bearing injuries patiently till we can effectually retaliate.

What is Brotherly Love?—The affection we display towards our prosperous neighbour.

What is Poverty?—The one unpardonable crime.

What is Entire Obedience?—The voluntary tribute paid by Folly to Fashion.

What is Sin?—Any individual offence resented by "society."

What is a Good Book?—The last most suggestive novel.

What is Divorce?—A preliminary to a better union.

What is a Friend?—Any one who knows you so intimately that he can realise nothing but your failings.

What is Life?—An uncertain period of vitality occupied in the absorbing pursuit of will-o'-the-wisps.

The Automaton Woman-Tamer

THE Automaton Woman-Tamer is the latest triumph of science in combination with mechanism.

Generations of patient investigators have observed that many married women possess only a limited stock of conversational phrases for home consumption. These phrases are alike in their sense in all languages, and, according to the records which have been handed down from the earliest times, have been the same in all periods. It has been observed, for instance, that such sentences as, "You are the worst man that ever lived"; "If only others knew you as I know you"; "I have nothing to wear"; "You do not mind how much you spend on yourself, but grudge me the least little thing," recur daily, and even hourly, in innumerable married households from Pole to

Pole. The learned Professor Diodorus Dryasdust has constructed a full-sized figure of a woman, and inside this is inserted a phonograph which at short intervals repeats the familiar phrases. The instrument, as will be seen by the following conversation, provides a pleasant accompaniment to ordinary conversation :—

SCENE : *Dining Room.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ : *Husband, Wife, and Automaton.*

SHE : "I met Floriston to-day."

HE : "Really! What did he say for himself?"

AUTOMATON : You are the most selfish man that ever lived.

SHE (*unconcernedly*) : "He is going to be married!"

HE : "What? Floriston engaged? Who to?"

AUTOMATON : You have not a friend in the world.

SHE (*a little annoyed*) : "Do stop that silly machine. He is engaged to Fridoline Frisk."

HE : "Why, they have not a shilling between them! Do they expect to live on marriage?"

AUTOMATON: You amuse yourself all day, whilst I am little better than a prisoner.

SHE: "I suppose you think that amusing? It is so like a man to laugh at his wife."

HE: "Why, my dear, I specially bought the machine to save you trouble . . ."

AUTOMATON (*interrupting, and with the mechanism out of order*): You do not care how I look. Everybody says so. If only others knew you as I know you! You are . . . (*Here the lady stamps out of the room, indignant, the Automaton bursts, and the husband—bursts out laughing.*)

An ingenious and invaluable invention.

An Interview

HAVING read the biographies of many people who have attained success or distinction, the accounts of their careers have convinced me more is to be learnt by studying the lives of those who have failed than of those who have succeeded. Good fortune plays so material a part in the career of successful men, that, as this element is an accident practically beyond human control, the lives of those who have had the benefits of its assistance are of little use to those from whom it is withheld.

In consequence of this conviction, I called last week upon Mr. Tom Jones. I found that person at home at his comfortable house in Curzon Street, and, having sent up my card, together with a letter describing the object of my visit, I was at once permitted to see him.

The following is an abbreviated account of the interview :—

Myself : "I understand, Sir, that at school and at college your performances gave rise to considerable expectation of your future success. These hopes, they tell me, were intensified in consequence of your being highly-connected and rich."

Mr. Jones : "That is altogether correct."

Myself : "May I, then, inquire to what you attribute the obvious failure you have made of your life?"

Mr. Jones : "Is it a failure? I am happy, I have an excellent wife, and my anxieties are comparatively few."

Myself : "No doubt; but the world knows nothing of you. No one considers you a great statesman, a leading politician, a shining light in literature, or an authority upon any subject whatever. However estimable your wife may be in private life, her name is not connected with any commonly-known scandal, her dresses are not described in the 'society' papers, and the Public takes no interest in her. These things are fame."

Mr. Jones : "My friend, we only live once;

and the question is whether it is preferable to be happy or to be famous. Personally, I consider it to be better to live peacefully, and to enjoy the few years allotted to me, than to make a stir in my generation, be misrepresented in the next, and be forgotten in the third."

MYSELF: "In other words, you are indifferent and indolent."

MR. JONES: "Certainly not. Legitimate happiness is the object of life, and contentment is happiness. It is those who are continually struggling to attain or to retain notoriety who really fail; not those who despise it. The more people know you the more enemies you have, and the more disturbance is introduced into your life. It is not I who misunderstand the object of existence; it is you. And pray consider what humbug you lend yourself to. Our creed teaches we should admire the great qualities of character, bravery, generosity, sincerity, sympathy, and self-denial. According to this, the newspaper posters should give prominence to such announcements as: 'Magnificent Bravery,' 'Glorious Generosity,' and 'Grand Conduct.' But they do not. Instead of these, the street boys shout, ''Orrible Murder,'

'Terrible Tragedy,' 'Outrage,' 'Suicide,' and 'Scandal.'"

MYSELF: "Strange! Yet the eminent men I have read about did not hold these views."

MR. JONES: "They were eminent humbugs. Strive to be happy yourself, and to make others happy, and you will be of more substantial service to humanity than all the 'eminent' rascals put together. Goodbye."

And the man was right.

Definitions

PRECISION of thought and of expression is a quality which I have always endeavoured to attain. Besides, everything alters so rapidly now, that, unless we occasionally revise our definitions of terms and of phrases, we risk that these shall convey different impressions to different minds. I have therefore prepared the following corrected definitions of terms and phrases in common use amongst us at the moment :—

Man.—A biped with prejudices—which he calls principles.

Woman.—A biped with more prejudices—and less principles.

"*A Perfect Lady.*"—The highest praise which the scullery-maid can accord to her mistress.

A "Smart Little Woman."—A young married woman in search of a husband—somebody else's husband.

Marriage.—An investment for woman and a speculation for man.

Friendship.—A game for two, at which only one wins.

"*Society.*"—A hotch-potch of pretentious people having nothing in common but uncommon assurance.

Respectability.—Consistent conformity to inconsistent mediocrity.

Principle. — Any opinion which it is our individual interest to support.

Reputation.—Moral capital with which to deceive our neighbours.

The World.—A place in which we all hate each other for a time, in expectation of loving each other later for eternity.

The Flesh.—A thing which modern artists paint pea-green.

A "Good Chap."—Any one who might, could, would, or should lend us money.

A "Bad Chap."—The same individual after he has lent us money.

A "Smart" Man.—One who affects to despise all but those who despise him.

A Politician.—One who manipulates the principles of others for his own profit.

Club.—A man's refuge from home.

Church.—A woman's refuge from home.

Criticism.—The judgment passed by mediocrities upon their superiors.

Jealous Hatred.—The unconscious tribute which small minds pay to great.

Contempt.—A sentiment we all express for each other, and most of us feel for ourselves.

The Sorrows of "Society"

I HAD been exceptionally idle. Possibly dinner had disagreed with me. The Chambertin was excellent, but it is a heavy wine.

. . . .

I discovered a little lady sitting opposite—a trifle too well dressed to be correct and too anxious-looking to be well bred.

The story she had to tell can be soon told.

Her husband—who was rich—was "something in the City," and she was nothing in the West End. Could I suggest a remedy? Certainly.

"Madam," I said, "you suffer from a common complaint. You wish to know people who do not wish to know you."

"Precisely," said the lady.

"Have you principles?"

"Yes" (*hesitatingly*).

"Well, I am not altogether opposed to principles—in the abstract—but you must not put them into practice. Principles in practice are generally old-fashioned, and are frequently vulgar. You have relations and friends?"

"Several."

"Your husband you must hide, your relations you must renounce, your friends you must abandon ——"

"But I have a good heart——"

"Madam, it is not a good heart you require, but a good cook. Be so kind as not to interrupt me."

She begged my pardon.

"It is not only new clothes you require, but new surroundings, new ideals, and new affectations."

"Affections?"

"Most affections are affectations in the world of fashion. You must cultivate the sense of the successful and must adopt and admire the successful for just the instant it is at the height of its success. . . . Can you talk?"

"Yes; but I fear not intelligently."

"That is especially satisfactory. The best conversation is composed of sound without sense. It is like music, harmonised noise. . . . Talk loud to show you have confidence in yourself; talk about nothing to show you have no confidence in others.

"'Society' is the fortuitous concourse of fatuous atoms. The appearances of principles, affections and intelligence are more valued than the reality, for 'society' deals in surfaces alone."

. . . . . .

"I beg your pardon, sir. Two o'clock and the club is closing."

"Eh! What, madam?"

"No, sir, I am the waiter."

"Oh, of course—quite so. . . . Call a cab please."

Donna Quixote

DON QUIXOTE drove himself mad by reading books on chivalry; many English men and women are doing that by reading paragraphs about "society." The latter circumstance has suggested to the writer to adapt the first and last chapters of the "Life of Don Quixote" to the situation. The resemblance is astonishing.

BOOK THE FIRST

Chapter I

"In a parish of London, the name of which is purposely omitted, there recently lived one of those women who are usually possessed of a lover, an old husband, an ugly daughter and a

brougham. The age of the lady bordered on forty.

"The gentlewoman, when she was idle, which was most part of the day, gave herself up to reading paragraphs about 'society,' and so unsettled herself by this literature that she came at last to lose her wits.

"She crowded her fancy with accounts of balls, entertainments, amorous adventures, Royal personages, peers, peeresses, and even knights, and such other absurdities, and eventually, having quite lost her wits, thought it necessary to endeavour to be a woman of fashion, to wander through the West End in quest of titled acquaintance, and to put into practice the ill-example of 'society.'"

BOOK THE EIGHTH

Chapter XXII

"As the lives of all are limited, the end of this lady came. Whether it proceeded from melancholy caused by finding herself ignored, or from other circumstances, she was seized with a fever In the course of her illness she awoke from a

long sleep, and said: 'My judgment is now undisturbed, and free from those dark clouds of folly with which my eager and continued reading of the detestable paragraphs about 'society' had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them, and I am only sorry I am undeceived so late. I feel myself at the point of death, and though I must admit I have been a mad woman, I would fain so order it as to remove the stain of insanity from my memory.'

"In short, after expressing her abhorrence in strong and pathetic language of all paragraphs about "society," the poor lady died, hoping to the last her example might warn others against foolish gossip about foolish people, recorded by even more foolish writers."

The East End Ladies' Association

THE rich, like the poor, we always have with us, but whilst many do much to provide for the spiritual and temporal requirements of the latter, how little, comparatively, is done for the former! There are few missions to Mayfair; the Bible-reader seldom approaches the lost Duchess; there are no Sunday Schools for "society"; and who is engaged in preventive and rescue work amongst the young married women of the West End?

Not a moment too soon the poor have decided to take an active interest in the rich, and The East-end Ladies' Association has been formed for the purpose of endeavouring to reclaim the West End. To clothe the half-naked women who attend social entertainments and the theatres; to enlighten the fashionable as to the insanitary

conditions of the life they live; to warn them against the demoralising influences which surround them; and to impress upon their minds the serious consequences which may result from continued improvidence, are some of the noble ends the Association has in view.

The inaugural meeting was held at Spitalfields recently. Mrs. Bill Sikes, in opening the proceedings, explained they were about to make a quiet but earnest effort to reclaim the rich, whose spiritual indifference, depravity, and temporal improvidence were deplorable. The evils which they would attempt to combat were growing and terrible ones, and the Association would work, not only to prevent these evils, but to rescue those who had fallen within their meshes. Many ladies present at the meeting had joined the house-to-house visitation branch of the Association, and had consented to occasionally visit even the most discreditable Duchesses (much applause). A *crèche* would be established in the heart of Belgravia, where, for a nominal fee, the young married women could leave their children, instead of entrusting them to careless servants, while they —the mothers—lunched, dined, or danced (loud

cheers). They would by their own example discourage the use of paint, powder, perfumes, and hair dyes, which were so injurious to health, and such unbecoming accompaniments to a civilised woman. However distasteful it might be, they would undertake the care of the friendless Dowagers, whose poor bare shoulders were so often seen shivering at the theatre whilst endeavouring to appear young and fascinating. (The Rev. Septimus Latimer was here carried out of the hall in a fainting condition, the mere allusion to the Dowagers having overpowered his delicate nervous system.) The community had been described as composed of the dancing classes at one end, the drinking classes at the other, and the debt-collecting classes in the middle. The last were dull, and too absorbed in their self-advancement to be taken into consideration. It remained for the second to do their utmost for the first. The conduct of the West End had for long been the source of grave scandal to the East End, and the labouring classes of Great Britain were determined to make every effort, and at whatever cost and sacrifice, to improve the moral and physical conditions of life amongst

the upper criminal classes (vociferous cheers) (The Rev. Septimus Latimer, who had sufficiently revived to return to the platform, announced that the collection would then be made. The audience at once dispersed.)

The Language of Bows

THE Language of Bows is the only universal language, for every variety of bow has the same meaning throughout the civilised world, wherever the hat plays an important part in the conduct of social intercourse.

Though this branch of social science has never been attentively studied, it is not for me to provide an exhaustive treatise on the subject, but rather to present a rough scheme which more industrious observers may elaborate.

The most deferential bow calls into play the entire human frame from the hat to the feet. Indeed, the intensity of the respect which it is intended to display can immediately be ascertained by noticing how much or how little of the human mechanism is used in the operation.

When the hand alone is raised, as if engaged

in an abortive attempt to lift the hat, it is evident the bow is a mere acknowledgment of the obsequious salutation of an inferior. Sovereigns and Royal personages generally acknowledge the salutes of ordinary people who are personally unknown to them in this manner; and the nearer the throne a Royal personage is, the slighter is the movement involved in the performance.

When the hand and the hat together take active part, the salutation obviously expresses more respect.

When the hand, the hat, and the head are combined in the operation, the performance displays that friendship is an element in the transaction.

When the hand, the hat, the head, and the body are all brought into play, the last assuming an obsequious angle, it is plain an inferior is making a very humble salute to a superior. This is the species of bow which an ordinary person accords to a Sovereign or to a Royal personage and it is called the Bow Deferential.

At Court, when the hat is absent the feet are employed. Women at Court mainly bow with their legs.

. . . . .

These elementary principles of the Language of Bows having been distinctly stated, it is permissible to proceed to more intricate matters connected with the subject.

The most important varieties of bows may be divided into four groups:—

Group I.	*Group II.*
The Respectful	The Cordial
The Deferential	The Familiar
The Obsequious	The Amorous
The Reverential	The Impudent

Group III.	*Group IV.*
The Formal	The Indifferent
The Dignified	The Supercilious
The Patronising	The Discourteous

. . . . .

The Bow Obsequious is of somewhat more diffident a character than the Bow Deferential, and is not so demonstrative. The hat is not lifted with such rapidity, nor is the sweep described by the arm so extended. The head also is bent a trifle lower. This bow is much affected by young

curates when saluting a Bishop, and many a curate has earned a living by being an adept at the performance.

The Bow Cordial only requires the use of the hand, the hat, and the head. This is the ordinary bow which civilised men accord to women they know well and whose friendship they value because of their beauty, the position which they occupy, the wealth of their husbands, or the excellence of their dinners. The Bow Amorous and the Bow Familiar merely denote the stage of friendship which has been reached, and indeed the Bow Familiar generally succeeds the Bow Amorous at a well-defined interval.

The third group includes the Bow Formal, the Bow Dignified, and the Bow Patronising, and in the production of all these only the hand and the hat are employed.

The fourth group, which is perhaps the most interesting, is composed of the Bow Indifferent, the Bow Supercilious, and the Bow Discourteous.

The Bow Indifferent is produced by slightly, rigidly, and leisurely raising the hat. This is used to impress poor relations and obscure country

cousins, or in saluting the wives of former friends who have diminished in social value. It is almost as popular as the Bow Cordial—and much less perilous. It is generally accompanied by a stare.

The Bow Supercilious is an accurate reproduction of the Bow Indifferent, but in this case the person who bows does not deign to look in the direction of the one who is saluted. This is generally accorded to those who have been the kindest friends of the person who salutes in his less prosperous days.

The Bow Discourteous goes even further in refining upon the other two; for in this the head is contemptuously turned away, and the salute virtually implies that were it not for the conventionalities, neither hand nor hat would move at all. It is the preliminary to the "cut direct." It is generally used by eldest sons of Peers soon after succeeding to the title; younger sons soon after marrying an heiress; and newly-made millionaires soon after they have been adopted by Royalty.

. . . . .

The suburban and middle-class bow is stiff, angular, self-conscious; the arm works like the

piston of an engine, whilst the eyes plainly say, "Do I not bow well, and does this not separate me from my fellows and identify me with the West End?" The essential element of good bowing is studied unstudiedness.

A Conversation in Hyde Park

WHILST sitting in Rotten Row one morning, I casually entered into conversation with a stranger who occupied the seat beside mine. A cigar-light, if I recollect, was the origin of our communication. Anyhow, we spoke of one thing and of another, for a time in indifferent tones, until a very gorgeously arrayed woman passed us, when my neighbour, with evident excitement, exclaimed "Dear me! That lady must be worth two pound ten if she is worth a sou!"

"What do you mean?" I inquired, aghast. "Why, that is the Duchess of Babylon, whose husband possesses an income of many hundreds of thousands of pounds!"

"Ah! I beg your pardon," the stranger replied; "but I was estimating her value from my own point of view, . . . I deal in second-hand clothing."

Yes, I reflected, that is precisely what it is.

We estimate all from our own limited standpoints, and this accounts for the infinite variety of opinions which men entertain.

The courtier recognises no merit but that which bears the stamp of Royal sanction.

The Statesman can only appreciate the qualities of pugnacity and self-assertion that tend to produce successful politicians.

The clergyman unconsciously gauges the characters of his fellow-men from their attendance at church, and by their contributions to the offertory.

"Society" men and women estimate each other according to their fluctuating social prominence.

The business man establishes for himself a ready-money standard: the intolerable tyranny of the merely rich.

The author and the actor measure merit by the notoriety which has been achieved, and the public is influenced by the vulgar test of popularity.

For this very reason a "perfect" human being is impossible, for no one can be so constituted as to satisfy at one and the same time the innumerable standards of valuation. Thus it is that we must all in life be reconciled to endure

much opposition, much misrepresentation, and much misconception, and this from those even who are absolutely honest and upright. Figuratively, every man and woman wanders through the world wearing some shade of coloured glasses, through which they appreciate each other and the various objects around them.

What the miracle at the Tower of Babel effected to confuse the tongues of those engaged upon that imbecile task, has somehow been reproduced upon our intelligence, and prevents us from exactly estimating things as they are.

Why cannot the man see it is green? What a dolt the fellow is not to perceive it is yellow! Pig-headed booby not to admit it is crimson—and so we all are at each other's throats about trifles, unconscious of the fact that we are all more or less wrong ourselves, and are merely estimating matters from our own particular standpoint of prejudice.

And this it is which prevents this world from ever being a happy one, for we each feel impelled to force others to see things even as we see them ourselves, and, since it is impossible to do so, we ultimately get wild with the world.

A Modern Letter

THESE are the days of commerce, not of the classics. The English of Shakespeare is being replaced by that of the Stock Exchange. The following letter is written in the style of the future:—

"Congratulate me. It has been decided that FitzFoodle and I shall amalgamate, and the articles of association are to be signed in December. The prospectus will be issued immediately, but I wish you to know of the proposal before it is published in the papers. His promoters seem pleased, and mine are delighted, for, being the eldest son of a solvent Duke, he is a gilt-edged security. Fitz, of course, takes me at my face value, for, though ours is a very old-established firm—or family, as elderly people still say—our house has long been in difficulties.

"Please tell your brother Jack of the arrangement, and ask him to consider this a letter of regret. I fear he will be disappointed, for he apparently thought I had given him an option on my affections. But business is business, and it will not do to mix sentiment with marriage. Most men are influenced by sentiment in their choice of a wife; most women by business—that is why more women than men obtain a solid advantage by the transaction.

"How right I was to make a corner in elder sons from the first instead of dabbling in ordinary and speculative stock, and in avoiding social bucket-shops and the entertainments of outside brokers! The best business seldom strays into second-rate offices.

"So soon as we are settled you must come to stay with us—but mind, there must be no punting, or flirting, as they formerly called it—with Fitz. He and I will boom you in 'society'; we will rig the matrimonial market and unlimber you on a millionaire Kaffir or Westralian. You are an ideal stock for such a speculative buyer to gamble with in 'society.'

"Fanny, who married the season before last,

has just presented to her husband an interim dividend at the rate of two per annum—in other words, twins. Fanny and he are very poor, but live astonishingly well. It is said there is a collateral security! Let us be charitable according to the manner of our kind, and—hope for the worst!

"Fitz has just called, so I must foreclose."

The New

THE new gentleman is the old gentleman vulgarised.

The new lady is the old lady demoralised.

The new daughter is the old daughter revolutionised.

The new conscience is the old conscience compromised.

The new principles are the old principles popularised.

The new vices are the old vices legitimatised.

The new "society" is the old "society" commercialised.

The new manners are the old manners brutalised.

The new art is the old art disorganised.

The new wit is the old wit plagiarised.

The new journalism is the old journalism Americanised.

The new government is the old government municipalised.

And the new danger is the old danger—realised.

2000

THE Twentieth Century is to be the century of change: science, which went at the trot, is to go at the gallop. We think we know much; those who live a hundred years hence will wonder we knew so little.

The following is prematurely quoted from the *Daily Cinematograph* of December 31, 2000:—

"On the eve of the Twenty-first Century, it will be in the minds of many to contrast the present with the past. All are aware gigantic strides have been made recently in the direction of progress, but few realise that only a hundred years ago men travelled in trains over the land and in ships over the water; that they communicated with each other by telegraph; that their streets and houses were lit with gas or with an early adaptation of electricity; that coal was used in almost every house-

hold; that hundreds of millions were spent in taking instead of in saving life; that the soldier was more honoured than the surgeon; that well-dressed women wore furs in the day whilst the sun was shining, and half stripped themselves in the evening; and that it was not generally acknowledged that one of the most important of duties is to enjoy the legitimate pleasures of this exquisitely designed world!

"Only a century ago selfishness and superstition still bound our predecessors, but science has removed those bonds from us. As we walk in the silent streets and look up to the smokeless sky, where thousands of aerial cabs, carriages, and carts hurry hither and thither, we wonder how man can have lived without flying. Even yet we are surrounded by a decaying past. Underground London is said to be honeycombed with tunnels in which trains ran up to fifty years ago! In many parts of the country telegraph and telephone poles still stand with dangling wire, though wireless telephony has long since superseded those older methods of communication. Builders occasionally come upon leaden piping through which gas was conducted when gas was an illuminant. At Plymouth the

Government retains from a sentimental motive a fleet of ironclads, though electricity has long ago made warfare on the water impossible!

"Perhaps the most striking feature of modern civilisation is that there are no ugly women. The improved conditions of life, the place which legitimate enjoyment has in the modern scheme of existence, the extirpation of many forms of disease, and the rational attitude of mind of the average woman have worked wonders. No modern playwriter would think of elaborating a plot in which married life was presented as having a dark side, for the woman of to-day is a joy in her own house, and not only in the houses of others, as there is reason to believe was the case a hundred years ago. Everywhere we see peace, prosperity, progress, and it is, therefore, with feelings of the utmost gratitude we watch the departing hours of the twentieth century."

The New Hospitality

HOSPITALITY is almost a Christian virtue. This is how we exercise it now:—

"To the Dowager Duchess of Babylon.

"Dear Duchess of Babylon,—Mr. Bullingdon, the African explorer and missionary, an old friend of my husband, is to dine with us on Wednesday, May the 16th. Knowing the interest you take in the good work we are endeavouring to carry out in those regions, I am anxious to bring Mr. Bullingdon to your notice, as your assistance and influence would, of course, be of the highest service both to him and to the cause. Should you happen to be disengaged upon the 16th, it would give Mr. Bounderby and myself much pleasure if you will dine with us that evening.

"Believe me to be, dear Duchess of Babylon,

"Very faithfully yours,

"Ellenore Bounderby."

D. of B.: "The horrid pushing woman I met at the Bazaar in aid of the Home for Pauper Peers. No great harm in accepting though. Get a dinner for nothing and appropriate Bullingdon for my own use." (Accepts accordingly.)

* * *

"To the Rev. Obadiah Bullingdon.

"Dear Mr. Bullingdon,—Should you have forgotten me, may I remind you we travelled together, several years ago, in the same carriage from Paris to Versailles? A very old friend of mine, Maria Duchess of Babylon, desires to make your acquaintance, being deeply interested in the work which you have so much at heart. The Duchess is to dine with us on May the 16th, and both my husband and I hope you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner that evening. I take the opportunity to congratulate you on the recent glorious success you have achieved in Africa. Ten thousand natives killed and two baptized! This is indeed magnificent. I enclose my cheque for £5 (five pounds) as a modest offering towards the Mission.

"Very truly yours,

"Ellenore Bounderby."

O. B.: "Ellenore Bounderby? Never heard of the woman. Grand to meet a Duchess, though. Capital business converting niggers, especially when you convert them into Duchesses and five-pound notes." (Accepts.)

* * *

Ellenore Bounderby: "Must ask Alice Kekelwich and her husband. It will drive them wild to hear I have hooked a Duchess and the explorer."

"To Mrs. Kekelwich.

"My dearest Ally,—You fickle little fiend! You have, I suppose, so many fine friends now you no longer value the old. I love you, though, too much to let you ever forget me. The Duchess of Babylon (Maria), who, of course, you already know, has invited herself to dinner here on the 16th, and is to bring Mr. Bullingdon, a great explorer, whom she wishes to introduce to us. John and I are humble, unobtrusive folk, unaccustomed to the society of Duchesses and celebrities, so will you both come and help us through the dreaded ordeal? I feel as if I were

to have a tooth drawn! Now mind, you cannot refuse, &c., &c.

"Your ever loving

"Ellenore Bounderby.

"PS.—Please do not wear the pink costume you had four years ago. It quite disfigured my darling Ally."

* * *

A. K.: "Beast! How did she get a Duchess? And as if I had but one dress in all that time!"

"To Mrs. Bounderby.

"My Own Darling,—You are too foolish! Of course Tom and I will willingly help you, you poor old thing! How we have laughed, though, when we pictured you and the good husband helplessly floundering amongst Duchesses and notabilities! A clear case of cruelty to the obscure. We little worldlings will rally to the rescue. Was it not the Duchess of Babylon though who was mixed up in that dreadful scandal some years ago? In any case, she seldom goes about now. No, dearest, I shall not wear the

frock you object to, but which it was I cannot at this distance of time remember, &c., &c.

"Your ever loving,

"Alice Kekelwich.

"PS.—Oh! I recollect it now. It was that cheap one I had for the party you gave when you left Bayswater and set up in Belgravia."

Interview with a Celebrated Actress

THE lady was knitting.

"I see you are industrious," I said.

"Yes. I am knitting socks for crippled peers."

MYSELF: "How very good of you! I have called to 'interview' you, and hope you will not object to my doing so."

MRS. M.: "I shall be delighted. My maid wakes me at six; I then take a tepid bath, after which I have a cup of cocoa, and . . ."

MYSELF: "Oh! I beg your pardon. I do not require those minute details. . . . The stage is undoubtedly the profession of the future . . ."

MRS. M. (*interrupting*): "Of the future! Of the present, you mean."

MYSELF: "Well, yes. Now, may I assume the secret of your success is that you take infinite pains?"

MRS. M. : "Unquestionably. I frequently contribute articles to periodicals ; I take active interest in home and foreign politics ; I am engaged in a multitude of financial undertakings ; my acquaintance is enormous ; I attend every fashionable entertainment, marriage, and funeral ; I assist at innumerable bazaars ; I hunt, skate, shoot, and yacht ; I undergo the customary autumnal cure ; I . . ."

MYSELF : "Quite so, quite so ; but my question referred exclusively to your performance upon the stage."

MRS. M. (*with an ill-repressed yawn*) : "Oh ! Well, success there is almost entirely dependent upon elaborate scenery and expensive costumes."

MYSELF : "You surprise me."

MRS. M. : "English actors and actresses were never so prominent as they are now ; and I attribute this to their devoting their energies almost exclusively to other matters than their professional duties."

MYSELF : "How very astonishing !"

MRS. M. : "Yes, we dominate in politics ; we patronise 'society' ; we countenance the Church ; we are the arbiters in literature and art ; we . . ."

MYSELF: "But how have you obtained this influence?"

MRS. M.: "Publicity; continual publicity. I seldom travel but my jewel-case is stolen. My house continually catches fire. Twice a year the influenza drives me to death's door. If any prominent person marries, the whole profession contributes wedding presents; if any die, the whole profession presents wreaths. Our names figure in every subscription list. But I am not so fortunate as some of my colleagues!"

MYSELF: "How is that?"

MRS. M.: "I have never been in a railway accident."

MYSELF: "But surely that is not a desirable incident?"

MRS. M. (*emphatically*): "Most desirable. There is nothing so effective as to be rescued—uninjured—from the wreckage of a train, and, after having monopolised the attention of the few able-bodied passengers for a considerable time, to murmur: 'Leave me, *attend to the others.*'"

MYSELF: "But to return to my original question; what about the acting?"

MRS. M. (*with another yawn*): "Well, we now

do most of our acting *off* the stage ; it is immeasurably more profitable."

Myself : "But does your connection with the fashionable world assist you to establish a reputation with the play-going public ? "

Mrs. M. : "Immensely. We fill the theatre on the first night with Royalties, Duchesses, Cabinet Ministers, millionaires, and social celebrities, and we admit the critics to inform the public these personages were present. The suburban and provincial public are anxious to identify themselves with those who are prominent in the world of fashion, and, therefore, follow them. What the latter have seen the former must see too, or lose ground."

Myself : "Then I am to understand that the acting now is of little importance."

Mrs. M. : "Certainly. Of very little importance indeed. It is the same as regards literature and art. Men and women never make their own names now ; they have their names made for them and totally irrespective of their work."

Myself : "You have a very beautiful house here" (*looking around the luxuriously furnished drawing-room*).

MRS. M. : "I am glad you like it. You see, we earn salaries that are larger than those paid to Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors, or Judges. However, we have innumerable duties to fulfil."

MYSELF : "On the stage?"

MRS. M. : "No. *Off the stage.* Goodbye."

MYSELF : "Goodbye."

Social Advertising

THE following letter is instructive—it is also entertaining:—

"Sir,—I am not ashamed of it, I am a Knight of the Counter. I sold my goods and bought a title. My middle-class family then persuaded me to remove to Mayfair, and I have been a miserable man ever since.

"Some months ago my wife had the misfortune to lose a half-sister, a lady we had not seen often since our removal to Mayfair. A few days later there appeared this advertisement in a fashionable newspaper:—

"'Lady —— wishes to express her gratitude to the many kind friends who have offered her their sympathy. As so many letters have been received by her, Lady —— regrets it will be impossible

to answer them all, and, therefore, employs this method of conveying her thanks and excuses.'

"To my certain knowledge not a single letter concerning the loss of her half-sister ever entered the house.

"A little later I was much pained by reading the following paragraph in an evening newspaper :—

"'A daring robbery was committed last night at the house of Sir —— ——. The thieves, who escaped unnoticed, are said to have obtained possession of several thousand of pounds' worth of jewels. The matter is in the hands of the police, who observe the utmost reticence. We understand that the celebrated diamond tiara which Lady —— inherited from her mother was overlooked by the thieves.'

"The last sentence quieted my fears, for my wife never had a diamond tiara, and inherited only a few unpaid bills from her estimable mother. The only foundation for the paragraph was that

some loose change, imprudently left on a dressing-table, was missing.

"Another day I learnt through a newspaper my son had been robbed of his pocket-book containing a large sum in notes and some valuable securities. That amused me, for on the morning of the supposed theft I had advanced him a sovereign out of the allowance of £2 a week which, on principle, I refuse to increase.

"But my alarm was serious when lately I read this :—

"'Carriage Accident.

"'An accident which might have been attended with fatal consequences occurred in Regent Street this afternoon. As Lady —— was driving the Duchess of —— in her victoria the spirited horses bolted, and, together with the carriage, dashed against the lamp-post that stands on the refuge opposite to Vigo Street. Fortunately neither the Duchess nor Lady —— sustained any injuries. The coachman and groom, however, were thrown from the box, and were subsequently taken to the nearest hospital. There is reason to believe both will eventually recover.'

"As there was this element of truth, to wit, that a Duchess—a foreigner whose claim to the title is not altogether above suspicion — had driven with my wife that afternoon, I was naturally alarmed. On my return home I learnt one of the wheels had grazed the curb of the refuge, and from so slender a circumstance, with the assistance of a friendly journalist, my ingenious and enterprising wife had contrived to make known to the world that a Duchess had accompanied her in the victoria.

"There was, I admit it, much unreal life at the shop. The goods were not always what the salesmen said they were—but there is much more of the unreal outside.

"Faithfully yours,

"A Counter Courtier."

The Upper Criminal Class

SOME ten or twelve years ago, Fred Danvers, who was then a general favourite in the West End, became so involved in debt that he was unable to escape bankruptcy. He left London, and commenced life again in Australia. Having made a small fortune, he recently returned to England, and we met last week at the club. After expressing the pleasure it gave him to meet me again, Fred Danvers said—

"Let us sit down, and tell me about my old friends. Where is FitzFoodle? Fitz was a capital fellow."

MYSELF: "Yes. . . . A very good fellow. . . . He cheated at cards and now lives in concealment on the Continent."

DANVERS: "Dear me! How very distressing!

. . . Well, what has become of Roland Chivers? (*Heartily.*) I *did* like him."

Myself: "Poor Roland; he got into debt, his friends avoided him, and, being then nothing in the West End, he became 'something in the City,' where he was mixed up in a peculiarly scandalous fraud, was convicted, and is, I believe, still in gaol."

Danvers: "Roland Chivers in gaol? . . . You must be romancing. How terrible! . . . Is little Fridoline Frisk married yet?"

Myself: "Yes, and divorced, also deserted. She lives, they tell me, unconventionally in Paris."

Danvers: "That is astounding! . . . What has become of Floriston, who was so devoted to her?"

Myself: "Lord Floriston forged the name of a rich financier, and no one knows where he is now."

Danvers: "Floriston a forger! . . . This is altogether amazing! At least the highly-respectable old lady his mother has done nothing discreditable?"

Myself: "The Duchess, after the death of her husband, stole the family jewels and sold

them for next to nothing to a dealer. There was some talk of prosecuting her, but, to avoid causing a scandal, the theft was overlooked."

DANVERS (*evidently bewildered by the combination of misfortunes*): "Tell me, old man . . . Pray pardon me for asking so brutal a question . . . but . . . Are there any of my old friends who are not criminals?"

MYSELF: "No. I do not think there are."

Woman as a Work of Art

SINCE the very commencement of the world woman has been treated—and ill-treated—in a great variety of ways.

In view of the excessive increase of the use of paint, pastes, powders, and other deceptive embellishments, woman should for the future be considered purely as a work of Art.

Thus, in announcing that the Duchess of Babylon has returned to town for the season, the paragraph would be worded as follows:—

"Yesterday the Duchess of Babylon inaugurated her forty-third exhibition in Belgrave Square, and it is no slight praise to assert that she again maintains her former high average. Her curves are always bold, if at times audacious; the flesh tints are excellent, and the hair-effects clever, though perhaps a trifle woolly. Her breadth of

tone is admirable, whilst dignity of composition is preserved in combination with careful attention to detail and to general finish."

. . . . .

Other notices might run thus:—

"Mrs. A—— contributes two daughters this Season, who cannot be regarded otherwise than as pot-boilers. It is to be regretted an artist who has displayed unquestionable ability on previous occasions should jeopardise her reputation by turning out such trashy, flashy work as we have before us now."

. . . . .

"Since her return from the restorers at Homburg, Mrs. B—— has, as we expected she would, greatly improved. We are now able to detect the delicate colouring and the elaborate workmanship which was before obscured by unnecessary varnish. In Mrs. B—— the nation has secured an important example of the new New York school. She possesses considerable freedom of style, but her middle-distance is a trifle pompous."

. . . . .

"Mrs. E—— is altogether out of drawing. She is, moreover, a mere copy of work which is in itself commonplace and insignificant. Her composition is scattered, her painting lumpy, and her perspective faulty; she is ambitious without possessing merit."

. . . . . .

"Lady G—— has attempted originality and has only succeeded in attaining eccentricity. To dab colours on at random is not Art, and we cannot too frequently insist upon this. Angular curves, slovenly execution, unwholesome atmosphere, and woodeny effects are altogether abominable. Lady G—— has joined the Contortionist school."

. . . . . .

"The sensation of the season promises to be achieved by Miss L——, an exhibitor whose work, we believe, has never yet been seen in London. Her method is bold, and her outlines are clever. The colouring is brilliant, but intelligently restrained, and she possesses a sensuous realism which cannot but be appreciated."

. . . . . .

"The Widow H—— contributes some excellent enamel work this year, and her *pâte-sur-pâte* plaques possess much merit. Unfortunately, as we have observed before, her glaze is still faulty and under unfavourable conditions is apt to crack."

. . . . .

"Mrs. Z—— exhibits nothing of serious importance. There is a decided absence of boldness—initiative—in her present style. The curves are weak, and the painting is of the tea-tray order, and shows an utter want of life. It is an altogether depressing performance."

La Femme de Luxe

THERE are in these days, the *train de luxe*, *édition de luxe*, and *hôtel de luxe*, but it seems to have entirely escaped attention that there is also the *femme de luxe*. It is the latter that is rapidly ruining the less happily-conditioned of her sex. The *femme de luxe* associates only with the rich and prominent, lives but for amusement, spends money recklessly, and has no respect for either the Ten Commandments or the Upper-Ten Commandments. The ordinary woman who still obeys the laws and by-laws of good conduct sees the *femme de luxe* discard them all with impunity, and naturally considers she has as much right to do this as has the former. "I should be as attractive had I but her clothes and jewels," she says to herself. "It is only a matter of courage and opportunity.

I, too, must rebel against restrictions, and I shall soon be as much admired as she is." Many of the sex are now more or less in this condition; they crave for finer clothing, and for more substantial friends whose influence will support them whilst they are freeing themselves from the restraints imposed upon ordinary women. They all want to be *femmes de luxe*, and, undoubtedly, if misconduct is tolerated, and even admired, in some, there is no reason why it should be resented in others.

This *femme de luxe* and *homme de luxe* difficulty is the disease which, spreading with enormous rapidity, threatens to remove good conduct from the civilised world. A handful of men break every law, Divine or human, and swindle with impunity, and with them are a handful of women who have abandoned restraint. These are held up to the rest of the community as of such social importance that their misconduct is to be admired.

Man—as He Should Be

WITHIN the last quarter of a century the displacement of man by woman in most of the ordinary occupations of life has been remarkable. That women are not yet soldiers is true, but even this career cannot reasonably be closed to them much longer. Obviously, such a profession as the Army, in which uniform, appearance and display are material elements, is one for which woman is especially suited.

Politics are chiefly a matter of facility of expression, of contention, ingenuity, and the power of persuasion. All these are qualities which women admittedly possess in a much greater degree than does the ordinary man. Their command of speech, their tact, religious temperament, and sympathy with suffering, particularly adapt them for the Church, whilst the intuitive genius of women for haggling and bargaining makes it evident that in trade and commerce woman should supersede man. Being

instinctively gentle, compassionate, and sympathetic, it cannot be denied Nature intended her for the medical profession. Thus it will be perceived that the politicians, priests, soldiers, doctors, merchants, and bankers of the future must assuredly be women. Man has had his day. Superstition, ignorance and oppression have enabled him to usurp and to hold for many centuries the position which by right of character, and by the design of Nature, was intended for woman.

Man should prepare to assume those household and other humble duties which up till now have been reserved for women. A man-cook is notoriously more skilful than a woman-cook. Here we have, then, an immediate opening for a very army of disestablished males. A man nursery-maid would obviously be more suitable than the young girls now employed in this arduous work. He would be better able to protect the children, more fitted to trundle the perambulators, to carry the heavy infants, as also to exercise authority over his youthful charges. As dressmakers and milliners, too, every circumstance points to the male as the right sex for these occupations. Man's

fingers are stronger to ply the needle and his constitution more adapted to endure the long hours of labour and the confinement in close and unwholesome work-rooms. Moreover, history proves man possesses more artistic capacity than woman, for the overwhelming majority of celebrated artists since the commencement of the world have been men.

Consider besides the result of this reversal of incongruous duties. What immeasurably greater political enthusiasm there will be under the rule of a lovely woman Prime Minister! How much more interest will be taken in our Parliamentary representatives! How welcome will the lady-doctor be, and what a charm will at once be imparted to otherwise painful operations when we know that one of the professional beauties of the day is delicately handling the knife! Then think of the pleasant transformation that will come over a visit to the banker or solicitor when these will be fascinating ladies! What patriotism will be evoked when we behold the gallant regiments of women sallying out in becoming uniforms, to fight for their country, their homes, and their men!

"The Bitter Cry of Belgravia"

"I WAS educated at Eton and Oxford, and at both it was considered to be unbecoming to study. As I had not worked, I was unsuccessful at the competitive examination for the Army.

"After I had left College, I connected myself with a firm of stockbrokers where I received a small commission on the shares I sold to friends in the West End. The more shares I sold the more friends I lost, and, consequently, the more friends I had to make—and, to achieve the latter purpose, the more money I had to spend to appear prosperous, and in entertaining.

"It is supposed I am a happy, very popular, and moderately successful man, because I am generally cheerful, have a large circle of acquaintance, and live luxuriously. I am cheerful because it would be suicidal to be serious; however pleasant those

I know are to me, there are few of them that do not mistrust me; and I live luxuriously to be on the level occupied by the rich whose money I want to reach.

"In an evil moment I married a pretty girl whom I admired, and was desperately in love with me. When she became better acquainted with my character and circumstances her affection turned to contempt, and now she goes her own way regardless of my feelings or reputation. My children do not respect me, and their mother neglects them.

"Could I have shaped my life otherwise? As a boy at school and a young man at the University, I was naturally influenced by the general contempt entertained at both for the studious, and having failed, in consequence of my idleness, to obtain a commission for the Army, there was no means of earning a livelihood open to me but the one I adopted. I should have been useless in the Colonies—the more so since I had no capital—as a clerk, who would have employed me? and to have enlisted would have been to disgrace myself. I had, apparently, nothing to do but to trade upon my friends—a detestable career, but one which

thousands of West-end men are compelled to adopt in existing circumstances.

"I have confided to you the story of my life for a purpose; to wit, that you may make it known how the discouragement of work which is general at the 'best' Public Schools and at the Universities in England is ruining thousands who are educated at those institutions."

. . . . .

It is a coincidence that this second letter should have reached me in time to be published with the first :—

"My parents are ordinary people—from the social point of view. They made many sacrifices to enable me to have an excellent education, and impressed upon me the necessity of distinguishing myself at College. At the school where I was educated most of the boys were in circumstances that resembled mine, and work was encouraged by the attitude of the masters, who were intolerant of idleness.

"I passed my examination for the Civil Service, and soon obtained an appointment in India, where I have served for twenty years, and have already

had some distinctions conferred upon me as a reward for my labours.

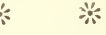
"There never was a time in this country when intelligent studious boys had such opportunities open to them as they have now. The 'middle-class' boys of the sort are replacing the indolent 'upper-class' boys by thousands annually, in the Church, Army, and Civil Service. The change is remarkable in even more important directions—it is common for 'middle-class' men to obtain a seat in Parliament, to occupy a place in the Cabinet, or to be promoted to the Peerage."

In former days the "upper-class" maxim was that the eldest son should live on the estate, the younger sons on the State. The State has been freed from that condition of slavery by successive reforms, and the change, in its consequences, amounts to a revolution. The full effects of the alteration are beginning to be felt acutely only now, when the "upper-class educated" find themselves unable to compete successfully with the "middle-class educated" at the examinations, and unfitted to replace them in the counting-house or behind the counter.

Revised Proverbs

THE wisdom of our ancestors, it is forgotten, was the outcome of the circumstances of their times, and is in many instances not applicable to the greatly altered conditions of to-day—yet the lives of thousands of our fellow-countrymen and women are still influenced by plausible phrases that have ceased to be true. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" was a judicious precept when almost every village and town was much more isolated than they are now, and when the stranger was naturally opposed in all of them. The "rolling stone" now often obtains the most opportunities. The Americans are not influenced much by such old-world "wisdom." They try a hundred and one professions and employments until they come upon the one for which they are best suited. The ordinary Englishman is a

soldier because his father was in the Army before him, or in Parliament because his grandfather was there, though physically or mentally he himself may not be adapted to either. There are hundreds of delicate and diminutive officers in our Army who were meant more for a ball-room than a cannon-ball, and dozens of Members in the House of Commons to whom a Blue Book is as incomprehensible as it would be to a bluebottle. A Royal Commission should be appointed to examine our proverbs, and to remove from currency those that have become misleading by the greatly altered conditions of the time.



Our ancestors were curiously incompetent; it is otherwise unaccountable that we should have discovered in fifty years what they were unable to discover in centuries. Steam, electricity, telephones, education, adulteration, modern art, New Journalism, free thought and Free Trade all belong to our own times, whilst our ancestors contributed only such frivolities as ghosts, hot-cross buns, plum-pudding, principle, prejudice, and self-

respect. Compare the proverbs which they have handed down to us with the wisdom of our day, and it will become apparent how ignorant, unintelligent, and even hopelessly incapable were the many myriads who came before us :—

"When fortune smiles take the advantage."—When the advantage smiles take the fortune.

"Marriage halves our griefs and doubles our joys."—Marriage doubles our griefs and halves our joys.

"'Tis money makes the mare to go."—'Tis the mare makes the money to go.

"Muddles at home make husbands that roam."—Husbands that roam make muddles at home.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."—A friend indeed is the friend in need.

"Thinkers govern toilers."—Toilers govern thinkers.

"Fools build houses and wise men buy them."—Wise men build houses and fools buy them.

"Save me from my friends."—Save my friends from me.

"To know the disease is half the cure."—To know the cure is half the disease.

"Better to go to bed supperless than to rise in

debt."—Better to rise in debt than to go to bed supperless.

"For what you can do yourself, do not rely upon another."—For what you can rely upon another do not do yourself.

"He that longs most lacketh most."—He that lacketh most longs most.

"Money is more easily made than made use of."—Money is more easily made use of than made.

"Necessity knows no law."—Law knows no necessity.

The Gods of Belgravia

THE mythology of Mayfair is a subject that has until now entirely escaped attention. That is the more curious as the "upper-class" system is little else than a survival of the Greek and Roman mythology, of which Hesiod wrote over seven and twenty centuries ago:—

"Some thirty thousand gods on earth we find
Subjects of Zeus, and guardians of mankind."

The basis of the "upper-class" system is the principle that there are some thirty thousand men and women of superior origin—to whom are added others who have been raised to god-like rank—who are entrusted with the control of humanity! These gods and goddesses disport themselves much as did those of ancient times. They are

not subject to the ordinary code of morality; they frequently condescend to intrigue with the merely human; they occasionally make misalliances; they have their ambitions, jealousies, disputes, and difficulties; and are only united in the determination to retain control of the world.

On the other hand, the multitude of the merely human regard the gods and goddesses of Mayfair with the utmost respect, conferring this immediately even on the meanest amongst themselves who happen to be raised to the upper rank. The merely human readily excuse the follies and failings of the gods and goddesses, and regard with horror the unbelievers who denounce the system as ridiculous and discreditable!

The parallel is so complete that it is obvious the condition is a survival of the mythologies of Greece and Rome.

The Peerage is merely a survival of the mythological system. Jupiter and Juno are obviously the kings and queens; Mars is reproduced in the military peers—the gods of war; Neptune in the

naval peers—the gods of the ocean; Vulcan in the manufacturing peers; Bacchus in the brewing and distilling peers—the gods of beer and spirits; Venus in the peerages which were created in favour of the illegitimate children of kings; Plutus in the peers who owe their titles to the possession of wealth; Ceres in those who have been ennobled on account of their territorial interests; and Minerva in the law lords—the gods of wisdom. The gods and goddesses, with their connections, amounted to thirty thousand, and the British peers and their connections are about the same number. The mythological system was obviously devised by the ambitious amongst the ancients in order to control the weak and ignorant. When the system collapsed it was adopted in a modified form in England—and that survives!

"Class"

THE origin of "society," and what it was in this country until recently, may easily be described, and when understood will enable more important matters to be seen clearly.

When the community was in its infancy there was little security for life or property. Strong men interfered, created some sort of law and order, and established themselves. Having acquired power and the privileges that accompany it, they naturally endeavoured to retain them. They appropriated land, increased in prosperity, and became accepted as members of a superior class, and their descendants, intermarrying, eventually formed a combination which was little else than an enormous family.

This combination controlled the whole machinery of the State, including the Sovereign, and

divided amongst its members all the important appointments and those that enabled them to prosper at the expense of the community. This family party made the laws, and made them generally to promote and protect their own interests; mercilessly suppressed or destroyed those who objected; did their utmost to render it difficult for "unconnected" members of the community to raise themselves from their unfavourable condition; and came to look upon "society" and the country as their property.

That is the origin of "society"—using the word in its broad sense—and describes its condition until recently.

The hurricane of the French Revolution, the developments of modern times, and American influence have together enormously altered that condition. The application of steam, and mechanical ingenuity, have raised thousands of "lower" and "middle-class" Englishmen to positions which confer upon them exceptional power, and they have already removed many of the laws which were favourable to "society" and injurious to themselves. This reform of the laws, and several other circumstances, have seriously dimin-

ished the prosperity of many members of the family party. Thousands of properties have been sold to "middle-class" men, and the latter now enjoy the political and social influence which ownership of land confers generally in this country. At Court, in the Commons, in the country, in the towns, in the clubs, in the City, and in every direction it is the successful members of the "lower" and "middle-class" that are establishing themselves, and the combination formerly called "society" is being dispersed rapidly. Thousands of its members are struggling for existence in the Colonies, South Africa, the United States, the City, in unimportant employment, and even in trade, most of whom would have been provided for at the expense of the community twenty-five years ago. Almost every breakwater has been demolished by the inrush, and "society" is all but swept away.

The new "society," however, is being formed. That is more or less common property, and it is for this reason the word is so continually used now in England.

In the United States there has never been a combination of families which has captured the

government of the country, established itself as a superior class which the rest of the community was created to serve and maintain, and reserved for its members almost the whole acreage of opportunity. Therefore, there has arisen in the United States a "society" mainly composed of the very rich who are prepared to spend money extravagantly, and commit many absurdities to amuse themselves or become prominent. Circumstances are rapidly developing in England to alter our "society" to this pattern. The community will obtain in the immediate future the control of the machinery of the State; the important appointments will be conferred on those who possess the best qualities for the duties they have to fulfil; and "society" will be an association—not a combination—formed of continually-changing units prepared to behave more or less recklessly and ridiculously to attract attention.

Embarrassing Conversation

MEANWHILE, circumstances are rapidly altering the whole of the aristocratic system; there are "middle-class" Ministers, and a "middle-class" Parliament, a "middle-class" peerage is being formed, and a "middle-class" "society" is almost established.

* * *

At a meeting of the systems, the "middle-class" in "society" somewhat interfere with conversation:—

SCENE: *A West-end dinner party.*

HE: "They make furniture so badly now . . ."

SHE (*interrupting*): Hush! Your opposite neighbour is Lady ——, the wife of the upholsterer."

HE: "What swindling there is in the Art trade . . ."

SHE: "Speak low; her neighbour, Sir ——, has a curiosity shop."

HE: "Many women I know have invested their money in business . . ."

SHE: "Do be careful, the hostess has a millinery establishment."

HE: "One must do something of the sort now that so much has been lost through speculating . . ."

SHE: "You really are incorrigible; half the men here are on the Stock Exchange."

HE (*desperate*): "Well, let us talk of the change in morals . . ."

SHE: "Take care; several of the women have been divorced."

HE (*attempting a joke*): "Is prison a safe subject?"

SHE (*indignantly*): "My son is only just out of gaol. . . ."

Hereditary Respect

UNEARNED influence is a ridiculous survival; the matter is dealt with in the following letter :—

"My father was the younger son of the younger son of a peer, and was consequently poor, as is generally the case with those in that condition. When I left Oxford, I had the expensive tastes and the opportunities to indulge some of them, which many have who are well connected and have been educated at a public school and a university. For a few years I associated with my social equals, was then declared a bankrupt, my name was removed from the lists of the clubs I belonged to, and my connections, friends, enemies, and their acquaintance thenceforth described me as a 'fool,' an 'idler,' a 'spendthrift,' and even a 'scamp.'

One after the other, heirs to the title died, and, by the sudden death of the late peer a year ago, I became Lord ——, though I inherited little money.

"No perceptible change in my character or intelligence has occurred in the five years' interval between the declaration of my bankruptcy and this moment, but since my succession to the title they have made me President of several political organisations, I have been appointed to the boards of various important public companies, I have frequently occupied the chair at scientific, literary, artistic and charitable gatherings, and my utterances on those occasions are listened to with deferential attention. My connections, friends—I have few enemies now—and all combine to praise me ; they insist I have the qualities necessary to make my mark.

"It is bewildering! There is absolutely no change in me except that instead of being Mr. —— I am Lord ——. My father, his father, the late lord, and the three immediate predecessors of the latter, were all especially commonplace men, so it cannot be pretended I have inherited the respect due to their superior qualities or distinguished careers. It can only be that there are peculiar properties

attached to a title itself which raise the bearer of it enormously in the estimation of Englishmen and Englishwomen.

"This is merely a species of social superstition, not a hair's breadth above the level of that which makes some savages worship the crocodile, others the monkey, and others still a block of wood. In this respect we are still in a savage condition.

"A school and college friend of mine, Mr. ——, is the son of the celebrated man of science whose discoveries have made the name famous for all time. The father of my friend refused a peerage and, though the latter is generally accounted to be almost as able as was the former, being untitled he is not accorded even a remote semblance of the attention paid to me. Therefore, it cannot be pretended that the English are influenced in the matter by their faith in the hereditary principle.

"I intend to make the most of the situation, as some of my fellow-peers have done before now. I shall, judiciously, sell my name to company promoters whose object is to use it to defraud the confiding public. I shall assist in the House of Lords to reject every Bill which may threaten to injuriously affect the interests of my class, however

much it might improve the condition of the rest of the community, and I shall presently cross the Atlantic and sell a share in my title and its advantages to the most satisfactory heiress I may find there. As to giving good example, I shall not attempt to do that; the English are prepared to permit to those who have a title almost any breach of the Ten Commandments. I shall take every possible advantage of this ridiculous social superstition."

"Interest" Table

ABILITY ensures	... Obscurity.
Industry	... Neglect.
Honesty	... Contempt.
Interest	Appointments.
A pretty wife	... Promotion.
Insistence	Distinctions.
Money	... Respect.
More money	Popularity and Power.
Very much money	... A Peerage.
Advertisement	... Celebrity.

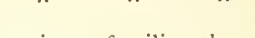
Heredity

IT is a curious case of inconsistency that when we discuss the subject of heredity we always look upon the defects as being inherited by the poor, and the good qualities by the rich. "Margaret —— was an idiot, drunkard, and pauper, and her progeny has cursed the country ever since. There have been traced back to her two hundred of her descendants who have been idiots, lunatics, drunkards, or paupers, most of whom have had to be supported by the community in gaol, asylum, hospital, or workhouse."

The founder of a "great" family may have had certain good qualities which enabled him to acquire fortune and attain prominence. Amongst his successors there have been many who were drunkards, or dissipated, and they have been followed by many others who were idiots, lunatics,

drunkards, or spendthrifts—but we always imagine the good qualities of the founder predominate, and we respect his descendants in consequence. The harm that has been done to the community in the past by idiots, drunkards, the dissolute, and the unscrupulous, who had wealth or power, must obviously far exceed that which could be traced back to idiot, lunatic, or drunken paupers—the former had more opportunities of doing serious mischief.

The original founder of a "great" family was generally a cut-throat, robber, intriguer, or a parasite. He "succeeded," and we worship that success centuries afterwards, notwithstanding that many of his descendants have disgraced themselves and have, directly or indirectly, cost the country millions of money. Occasionally one of his successors, having access to the best opportunities, has distinguished himself; but that was more the result of his having the opportunity than of his having inherited exceptional qualities.



In some prominent families there has been one great man, in others there have been two, in

a few, more; but, generally, the blood of those distinguished members has been abundantly corrupted by that of many successors who have been debauchees, drunkards, diseased, dolts, or demented. Are the good qualities of the few alone hereditary, or are the bad of the many also inherited? If the latter is the case, it is easy to account for the general failure of West-end men when forced to compete without favour with the despised "public." Moreover, the long continuance of depraved, dishonest, and disease-causing courses through the generations may be supposed to have created criminally inclined men and women, who only fail to commit offences which are disgraceful because their wealth and circumstances protect them from those particular temptations. There is a criminal class at both ends of the community; the one formed by pleasure, the other by poverty—when the members of the former have to submit to the privations endured by the latter, the upper criminal class will be as dangerous as is the lower.

. . . . .

If it is reasonable to have hereditary legislators,

why should it be unreasonable to have hereditary bishops, generals, admirals, or judges? Is it more easy to govern an empire than to administer a diocese or command an army or a fleet?

. . . . .

There are natural and there are artificial distinctions. One man is stronger than another, or is more clever; one woman is more beautiful than another, or is more agreeable. These are natural distinctions. Birth, title, and inherited position are altogether artificial distinctions.

The New "Stage Villains"

THE "upper" criminal class has replaced the "lower" in our novels and on our stage; it is a feature of the time. The English writers to-day take their villains from the West End, not from the East; the murderer, forger, thief, the scoundrel, who is exposed at the close of the story, is generally now a member of "society." It is no longer the "actress" or commonplace adventuress who causes the complications that distress the hero and heroine, but a Duchess! There is material for thought in the change.

Little "Great" Lives

WHO will write the much-needed series of The Little "Great" Lives? It is permissible for the purpose to misquote the lines of Longfellow as follows:—

> "Lies of great men all remind us
> We can make our lies sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Falsehoods on the sands of time."

Those who are accounted "great" are described as having succeeded because they had talent, industry, perseverance, will, and character. Most of them, however, attained success because they were unscrupulous, opportunity was accorded them, or they had the assistance of a woman with influence. That does not apply generally to those to whom posterity has granted fame, and many of them were ignored in their own lifetime. There are thousands in every age of little "great" lives; men and women who

struggle heroically from start to finish in obscurity, and against almost insurmountable difficulties, full of hope, courage, and cheerfulness. Those are the pattern-lives, quite irrespective of whether they attain "success."

* * *

"The Secret of Success" is a favourite subject with writers, orators, and the self-made, and all take it for granted "success" means power, prominence, or prosperity. Happiness is the true success. Which is the better, to have the exterior of the house agreeable—so that those outside think how pleasant it must be inside—and the interior comfortless, or to have the interior comfortable and neglect the exterior? Many who have attained power, prominence, or prosperity, have to be contented with being thought happy!

. . . . .

"Life is like a puzzle which is composed of many pieces; some are square, some three-cornered, some round, and a few fancifully shaped. The more commonplace the pattern

the more easy is it to fit it into the puzzle; it is the very fancifully-shaped piece which is the most difficult to place in the design. The world is for the commonplace; they fit easily almost anywhere in the puzzle of life. The clever require exceptional circumstances for the display of their talents. If the great Napoleon had lived when there was no war and no revolution, could he have become the conqueror he was? Had Darwin and Huxley lived some hundred of years ago, they would probably have been burnt at the stake as heretics. Had Addison lived to-day, there is not an editor who would have published his celebrated essays. Many a Napoleon who, had he fitted into the puzzle of his own times, would have switched history on to an altogether different track, has died unknown. Many a Darwin and many a Huxley have suffered ignominious deaths in unenlightened ages! It is unquestionably the fact that the clever require exceptional circumstances for the display of their talents; and that, therefore, the commonplace have altogether the advantage of them in the struggle of life."

TALENTS have their times; times their talents.

Had Addison and Shakespeare written in these days, possibly neither would have succeeded.

The following "Letters to the Dead" are obviously genuine:—

"DEAR MR. ADDISON,—I return the manuscript of 'Further Papers for the *Spectator*,' which you were so good as to send to me, and regret that the subjects you have chosen, and the style, are altogether unsuited to the requirements of the readers of my newspaper.

"Pray forgive me if I add some observations which may assist you in your future endeavours. You evidently attach much importance to style, tone, and thought; it is a grave error. The literary columns of a modern newspaper are only an excuse for publishing the very interesting, often beautifully illustrated, and always profitable, advertisements, and it is the main aim of every editor to diminish the former and increase the latter. Modern journalism will be at its best when all are advertisers and there are no writers.

"The chief character you have created, Sir Roger de Coverley, is grotesquely unreal. A well-born Englishman possessing a title and wealth, of independent character, courteous, upright, simple-minded, and generous, would certainly be in the Bankruptcy Court in six months, and in the Criminal Court, probably, in twelve. This is the age of big thieves. Remodel the character—it has merits. Sir Roger should be a stockbroker, a charity-knight, a West-end wolf—a 'gentleman' of the generation.

"I have the honour to be, yours faithfully,

"——, Editor.

"To Joseph Addison, Esq."

. . . . .

"Dear Mr. William Shakespeare,—I have been on a visit to the Duchess of ——, and only reached home last night. Amongst a packet of letters I found the one you have written to ask me to return your manuscript of 'The Merchant of Venice.' The play has a plot; that is its only recommendation. The style of the dialogue is very involved; I propose to have that revised by the call-boy, who

has had a first-class school-board education, which is more than may be said of most members of the audience in the boxes and stalls. 'The Merchant of Venice' is an unattractive title; it is not even alliterative. The title shall be altered to 'The Society Shylock.'

"The character of Shylock must be remodelled. No English audience of the day would imagine it to be despicable to love money better even than life. Make the character just sufficiently respectable to excite contempt. Portia must be a Divorce Court celebrity; the heroines on the English stage to-day must either have little character or little clothes. As I write hurriedly, having several Dukes and Duchesses waiting in the hall to obtain engagements, I merely give the outlines of the changes you are to make, but pray do not let your experience of Elizabethan audiences influence you in reconstructing the play for use at the moment. The audiences of those days were not civilised; ours are.

"Faithfully yours,

"——, Actor-Manager.

"To Mr. William Shakespeare."

"Contemporary Criticism"

INHERITED position and title are extravagantly respected, but every inch ability strives to cover before it is accepted as orthodox, is fiercely disputed. Unfortunately many of our greatest men and women have not been "established" until after death. It appears not to have occurred to any writer to recall the abusive names which have been bestowed on our literary celebrities.

Shakespeare.—"Poor poet ape."
Dryden.—"Ignoramus." "Poet squab."
Johnson.—"The blaspheming doctor."
Marlowe.—"That atheist Tamburlan."
Massinger.—"A sot."
Milton.—"Black-mouthed Zoilus." "The trader in faction."

Moore.—"That piperly poet of Green Erin."

Pope.—"The ape." "The empty flask." "The portentous cub."

Steele.—"A twopenny author."

Southey.—"Mouthy."

Wordsworth.—"The blockhead." "The poetical parasite."

Tennyson.—"Schoolmiss Alfred."

The names which were conferred on our Kings and Queens will provide the necessary contrast :—

Henry V.—"The English Alexander."

Elizabeth.—"The Virgin Queen." "The World's Wonder."

James I.—"The English Solomon."

William III.—"Old Glorious."

George II.—"The Great Patron of Mankind."

George III.—"The Solomon of Great Britain."

George IV.—"The greatest Prince in Christendom." "The Prince of Princes."

The Two Minds

THERE are the warehousing and the manufacturing minds; it is a grave error in our system of education that it cultivates the former in preference to the latter. When there were comparatively few books the warehousing mind was invaluable; the "learned" collected, stored, and conveyed knowledge which might otherwise have been lost. In the altered conditions of our time it is the manufacturing faculty that should be cultivated; we should develop the creative power of the brain. Instead of doing this, we still, as our distant predecessors did, shower honours and rewards upon those who warehouse knowledge, notwithstanding that much of the "learning" they possess is now contained in books which can be consulted at pleasure.

Of course, it is easy to weigh and measure

warehoused knowledge at the examinations, and as most of the best appointments can only be obtained by success in the examination-room, the creative power of the brain is neglected.

The decay of originality in England at the moment is obvious ; the undue cultivation of the warehousing properties of the brain is no doubt greatly responsible for the condition.

Head or Heart First?

THE new education in England has a prominent peculiarity. Our predecessors cultivated the heart of their children, often neglecting the body and the brain; we cultivate the body and the brain of ours, often neglecting the heart. The High-class School for Roughs system turns out boys or girls with well-developed bodies and well-stocked brains, but the absence of gentleness and sensibility is conspicuous.

"No"

ACCORDING to Taine, the brain of the average English man or woman is like a Handbook; for it contains a vast quantity of fact, but little thought. If this criticism was approximately true when Taine wrote about England a quarter of a century ago, how much nearer to the truth must it be now that we pay little attention to polish, and devote our entire energies to the pursuit of the practical! Facts are a drug in even the most illiterate drawing-room; imagination, originality, the power to so piece facts together as to produce a new thought, are gifts which are every day becoming more rare.

This opens the question of the New Education. The education of the past was Education Backwards; the education of the future is Education Forwards. Formerly they taught languages which are dead, and philosophies that have been discarded; they filled heads with the gossip of the gods, with myths which were the flimsiest of fairy-

tales ! The object was to attain polish. To-day we aim at the practical. Our children have to be taught athletics—for are we not the Apostles of Athleticism?—foreign languages, book-keeping, shorthand, and typewriting. Ours is the Civilisation of Commerce.

In the new scheme of Education there is a subject that must be especially attended to. Two-thirds of the misfortunes which occur to us in life arise from inability to say "No," a disinclination which comes either from good nature or from weakness of character. In every school and at every college there should be a professor in the art of saying "No" who should daily propound a number of questions and teach his pupils to answer "No" to each of them with much decision and some brutality. The difference between one man and another consists principally in this power of being able to say "No." Hundreds of thousands of lives are annually ruined which would have been prosperous had "No" been substituted for "Yes." "No" is the only word in the language which costs nothing; yet it is the one word which the vast majority of men and women are the most reluctant to use.

A Professor of Knowledge of the World

WHY is it generation after generation has to learn by experience the elementary circumstances which those that came before them have learnt? Wisdom of the world is all but the most important branch of knowledge, and the elementary principles of it have been known almost since the beginning. There should be in every school a professor of worldly wisdom; a man trained in the best society, possessed of much experience, who should teach boys and girls the unchangeable principles of this important branch of knowledge. It does seem strange generation after generation of men and women should have to learn the same things by bitter experience when it could be arranged that in the matter one generation should begin where the other left off. The boys of to-day commence to learn science where yesterday the old men of science ceased; why should it not be precisely the same as regards wisdom of the world?

The Art of Self-Advertisement

THE art of self-advertisement should be taught in every school and college in the country, for it is an essential element of success in these days. There should be a graduated course of instruction suitable to the age and intelligence of the pupils, whilst the higher developments might be studied at the universities and under experts. The Divorce Court course—and the Divorce Court form of self-advertisement is especially profitable for actors and authors—should be omitted at schools and colleges for obvious reasons. It is to be hoped the suggestion will be adopted, and that a Chair of Self-advertisement will be established both at Oxford and at Cambridge.

The Wisdom of Youth

EVERY generation has the common-sense of its period; our ancestors had the common-sense of their ages; we have that of ours. It is one of the fallacies which have been handed down from time immemorial that the old are wiser than the young, and the sooner this is switched into space the better. The wisdom of youth is amazing. The young have intuitive qualities which diminish and disappear as years increase; they have courage, enterprise, energy, and self-confidence to a degree that few old people possess. The old have experience, but experience seldom alters the character. Because the old no longer so keenly desire the things they were eager for in youth they account themselves wise; but that is not wisdom, it is physical decay. They look

wiser than the young—that is generally unquestionable—and it is often on the appearance of wisdom they trade.

The young are full of love, of faith, of truth, of confidence in others, are less selfish and more generous than the old are generally. If they have the faults of their time of life, why are those not described tenderly as "the infirmities of youth," as the failings of the old are "the infirmities of age"?

Goethe has approached the thought more timidly: "People," he wrote, "always fancy we must become old to become wise; but in truth, as years advance, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were."

The Decay of Individuality

THE "decay" of individuality is marked. The enormous increase of prosperity has brought English men and women by the hundreds of thousands within the area of the conventionalities, in which individuality is regarded as almost criminal. All within that must dress, act, talk, feel, and think almost alike; the rule of conformity here is absolute. Even in the recent past it was comparatively common to hear this or that one described as a "character," but how seldom is the expression used now! Were Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gillray, or Cruikshank to revisit us, and resume the work they excelled in, the conditions of the time would not be suitable to their respective styles of caricaturing; there would be too few pronounced peculiarities to exaggerate.

The Debt to Nonconformity

NONCONFORMITY is a driving-force of civilisation, as history shows throughout. Why, then, is it invariably despised? From the beginning it is often those who would not conform who have, by patience and perseverance, brought about the removal of abuse, and have overcome this superstition or that prejudice. Every educated or intelligent person knows this; yet most of them oppose the nonconformist—using the phrase in a general sense—as earnestly, if not as savagely, as did our ancestors. In a world which even yet is by no means perfectly governed, those who wish to abolish abuses, to advance progress, and to increase the prosperity of the community should be admired. It is terrible to look back upon the crimes which have been committed throughout the ages in trying to hinder the nonconformists from making life more rational.

. . . . .

To be accounted respectable you must conform to the prejudices and practices of the particular time and place in which you live. Not to conform to these is to be discreditable. There is no universal and unchangeable code of respectability. Most of the reforms we enjoy to-day have been brought about by those who opposed the "established" abuses of their own times, and, therefore, we owe the liberty and just institutions which we now have to those who, when they lived, were discredited!

. . . . .

Prejudice is the power which enables the narrow-minded, those of moderate intelligence and of weak character, to govern the world. Every generation has its prejudices; every prejudice its martyrs; and every prejudice removed advances humanity in the direction of progress. History principally records the rise and fall of prejudice after prejudice, and the struggles, sufferings, and ultimate success of those who contended against them.

The Quick and the Slow

IT is a grave misfortune to possess a quick intelligence whilst the minds of the majority of your fellow-creatures work with only moderate rapidity. Many troubles would occur to a man who could see fifty miles when those around him could only see five. He would continually be saying "I see a ship," or a balloon, or a mountain, and his neighbours would as continually be declaring there was no ship, balloon, or mountain to see. In the same way those who possess an intelligence that is quick, are continually assured they are mistaken by those unable to perceive the things which are clear to the former.

Backward Parents

BACKWARD parents are exclusively an evil of the present time, and especially in England. Formerly, when development was slow, parents were in advance of their children until the latter had reached middle-life, and the slightly altered conditions produced by the new generation gave the children an advantage. In these days, the parents have mostly been educated and trained on the old system, influenced by the principles and prejudices which belonged to circumstances of the past, and formed in conditions that survived in their youth. Almost in an instant the greater part of the pattern of combined education, training, restraints, circumstances, experience, and thought has changed in England, and the children in this country at the moment have been moulded on much

advanced methods, and have very different surroundings to deal with from those their parents conceived would be permanent. In the circumstances, the ordinary English parents of to-day are comparatively helpless; they mumble old-world warnings and directions, and the children not only laugh at the venerable counsels, but clearly prove most of them to be obsolete. Then the parents fall back upon proverbs: "The rolling stone gathers no moss." "Nonsense," reply the children. "That may have been true when there were few facilities for movement; it is the rolling stone now that gets the most moss, if it reaches the moss-covered ground." "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," continue the discomfited parents. "Ridiculous!" answer the children. "In these time-saving days we cannot watch the pence; let them go, and make more pounds." "Wisdom is the inheritance of the old." "But your wisdom is that of an abolished system," retort the children. "You are old in years, but striplings in the new world, new knowledge, and new conditions. You drove horses; we drive motor-cars, and know the intricacies of

the machinery, which is incomprehensible to you."

A result of this quick transition is that the children of the time in England are disposed to look upon their parents, masters, and the old generally as survivals of a period of imperfect development, men and women almost on a level with those of the Middle Ages. It is the child now that ordinarily teaches his or her parents, and initiates the latter in the mysteries of modern life. The schoolmaster may command obedience, but he does not command the respect he did; the old may be serious, but they are not taken very seriously.

The Round Idol

DECIDEDLY Englishmen suffer from ball on the brain. The main feature of the race is the irrepressible impulse to do something either with, at, or to a ball. We kick it, we hit it, we thump it, we throw it, we drive it, we bump it, we roll it, slap it, and catch it; we run for it, ride for it, and scramble over it. Upon the earth, in the air, and in the waters even, there can be no possible rest for a ball so long as the ordinary Englishman is within measurable distance of it. Give one of our fellow-countrymen a bit of board and a ball and he will at once possess the essential elements to ensure his happiness.

Other races may cultivate the delicacies of the table; they may devote themselves to the refinements of society, art, music, and literature; they may pursue leisure and pleasure—but give an

Englishman a bit of board and a ball, and he will need little else to secure supreme happiness in life. He will forthwith organise a game, dub it "sport," and despise the rest of the human race for not attaching the same importance to it he does himself. And yet this physical activity is not a generic quality, but a development caused by living in a damp climate.

* * *

The damp of England compels us to take violent exercise in order to live. Hence it is we sacrifice considerations of refinement, luxury, and art in favour of this all-important purpose. Our national heroes are not the giants of intelligence, imagination, and wit, but the men who can run the fastest, jump the highest, hit the hardest, and those who own the most successful racehorses. Proficiency in exercise is that which meets with our highest approval.

The Man-of-the-World

THE expression "Man-of-the-World" is one of the most misused in the language. A man or woman now travels, sees many cities and sights, reads much objectionable literature, and meets many questionable characters, and then dubs himself or herself a man or woman of the world. The expression was formerly intended to describe a man of the best world, one whose privilege it had been to enjoy the higher experience—who had been behind the scenes at Court, in "society," in politics, had known the men and women who were directing events by their influence, intelligence, or energy. An expert thief is not a "man-of-the-world," a woman who has abandoned restraint and self-respect is not a "woman-of-the-world," but those who have been trained in the best experiences are the one or the other according to their sex.

"Decay."—I

THE decay of innocence is a startling development of the time. The "innocent" man, who was not abreast with the wickedness of the world, appears to have ceased to exist. Almost all are well instructed now in this direction, and talk unconcernedly of the villainies which the unprincipled commit, whether as politicians, financiers, or ordinary criminals. They even laugh at the exploits of these, and call the men clever! The youngest girl listens admiringly to the accounts, and she too appears to be well informed. "Take care of what you say before grandmama," recently said a girl of eighteen; "she does not understand things."

"Decay."—II

THE decay of restraint is another feature of the time in England. Public opinion has in these days here as its main voice the Press, and if that is silent the mumbling of individuals may be greatly ignored.

The decay is especially apparent amongst women. The English girl of to-day is subject to comparatively few restraints at home, and, therefore, considers those imposed upon her to be peculiarly tiresome. It is generally to escape them she marries, and it then horrifies her to find there are other restraints in her new condition. She refuses to submit to these, and the husband is, of course, unable to compel her to do otherwise. The results of this are, generally, the same: wrangling, a wrecked home, separation, or divorce.

The Advance of Lying

THE advance of lying is one of the most prominent features of to-day in England; "Lie and let lie" seems to be the formula now generally adopted in this country. Our statesmen, officials, politicians, journalists, financiers, and tradesmen lie unscrupulously; the witness in the box lies confidently; and, in private life, many people lie unconcernedly.

Spare Time

THE frightful decrease in "spare time" is a matter which should not escape attention. The increase of work, interests and amusements has, in combination, already so diminished the margin of "spare time" that there is scarcely any left for thinking or for aimless reading. It seems probable that the less time there is for thought, the less production of original brain-work there will be—a most serious prospect. This generation is continually accused of not being so original in conversation and literature as were others that preceded it, and perhaps the "decay" in these directions is caused by the relatively small amount of "spare time" at our disposal.

The Minute-Hand Master

THERE is the New Slavery; we are the slaves of the clock! Our distant ancestors were satisfied with the hour-hand, our immediate predecessors were contented with the occasional clock on churches and public buildings: we must have a watch in the pocket and a clock in every room, and they have to be obeyed. The train starts punctually, the office must be reached at a regular hour, appointments have to be kept exactly —the minute-hand disturbs us in bed, at meals, in conversation, at play and at work. It would be useless to form an Anti-Minute Hand League; the system has hardened so that unpunctuality cannot be attempted without danger.

* * *

Eat life leisurely; do not bolt it. In modern

conditions the hour may be said to have but thirty minutes. The decay of thinking is a development of this circumstance, and is obvious in our controversies, conversation and literature. "This is the Age of Action" there are those who tell us; but action that is founded on insufficient thought is generally defective. There is now what might be called cinematograph literature—books in which incident follows incident in quick succession; the works which contain thought are rapidly diminishing in number. The circumstance is not to be observed in France or Germany.

The New Type

THERE is the New Type. The "distinguished-looking" men and women of slight build, with small heads, hands, and feet, and with delicate features, are seldom met with now. They are being rapidly replaced by thick-set men and women, with massive heads, huge hands and feet, coarse-featured, and having a broad mouth with thick lips. Is it that Nature is providing for the increased wear-and-tear of life, or that circumstances are removing those modelled after the old pattern?

The New Insularity

THERE is the New Insularity. In the past John Bull could do no wrong; at the moment he can do no right. He discovers "decay"—moral, mental, physical, and social—in every direction and conceives ruin and invasion are imminent! "The English are a dull race," "We dread the new," "We are hypocrites"—there is no other people that is dissatisfied with its character, condition and institutions, and distrustful of its future as we are. It is but a form of insularity; John Bull has lost the courage of his—ignorance!

The New Travelling

THERE is the New Travelling. Our predecessors visited the Continent, and returned frequently with their taste influenced, the mind developed, and their manners improved. Most of those who travel now are less affected in these directions by the experience; they have seen cities, scenery, cathedrals, ceremonies, and galleries—none of these now much modify the mind or manners of many. It is the hotels, restaurants, and routes that have made the most impression on them. They will tell you which are the best hotels to stay at, the most comfortable and cheapest routes to take, and what clothing to wear: it is courier-knowledge they generally acquire. "Yes, we saw St. Peter's—magnificent; it is so large and well-proportioned; we stayed at the —— Hotel; the charges were very moderate, the rooms clean and comfortable, the food excellent, and there were several people we knew in the house at the time." No one says now "He is a much-travelled man," to convey the individual has acquired taste and polish by the process.

The "Revolutions of the Wheel"

AN historian will one day write a serious work, entitled "The Revolutions of the Wheel," and a singularly interesting treatise this should be. No political movement has so revolutionised the conditions of the world as has the railway train; and the cycle is destined to produce another revolution of the kind, which may even be more far-reaching. The railway has levelled up the "middle-class" to the "upper-class," and the cycle will in time level the labouring-class to the position now enjoyed by the "middle-class." Half a century ago—to take the matter from one point of view alone—only very rich men could travel. The introduction of the railway has opened the world to hundreds of thousands of travellers who are possessed of only moderate means. For their

use have sprung up in every direction magnificent hotels, many of them as elaborately designed as any palace. The cycle opens the world to the million, and for the benefit of the million in a short time there will be established equally magnificent establishments where entertainment may be had at popular prices.

The Triumph of the Weak

THE observant do not appear to have perceived that the triumph of the weak is the main feature of the age, especially in this country. The injured and the infirm are attended to as they never have been before; the children are trained with the utmost consideration; woman has attained a position which terrifies old-fashioned men; the long-despised Nonconformist commands general respect; the once much-ridiculed "middle-class" has become master; the Israelites are prosperous and prominent in many directions; and the outcast actors and actresses are centres of influence!

The Millionaires and the Millions

"THE Use and Abuse of Millions" would be an excellent subject for an article. The forthcoming "billionaire" will have a unique opportunity for improving the condition of man. He will be able to provide those large sums for public purposes which the State cannot. He could erect and endow hospitals, present museums and public parks, establish free libraries—he could, in fact, reform, enlighten, educate the community over the heads of the Legislature. The aristocratic millionaire of the past generally strove to improve his own condition, to strengthen the social position of his family, and, to do that, spent his money in accumulating land and treasures, and in bricks and mortar. The commercial millionaire is frequently a philanthropist, and aims at assisting and raising those who belong to the class from which he rose. Three or four "billionaires" could do more in a few years to modernise England than Parliament would in a century.

The Unselfishness of the Selfish

"THE unselfishness of the selfish" is a subject which has never yet, to the knowledge of the writer, been considered. There are hundreds of elderly men in the City, and in trade, whose heart is supposed to be as hard as granite, but they work and worry to leave a vast fortune to heirs whom they appear to have little affection for, and for whom they would not pay a sovereign when alive. How many men there are who have inherited fine estates, and never live on them, doing their utmost to free the property from debt, so that children to whom they are not particularly attached shall succeed to them unencumbered. There are those who plant avenues and design parks which it is obvious they will never see grow into even a pleasing prospect. There are men who intrigue and toil until they

are octogenarians to obtain titles and distinctions which can be of little benefit to them at their age, but will, directly or indirectly, confer distinction upon connections they almost ignore. The number of those who devote much of their life, consciously or unconsciously, to benefiting others must be enormous.

A Humane Suggestion

COULD not a clause be added to the Geneva Convention absolutely prohibiting the use of animals in war? If man, for one reason or another, is minded to maim and kill his fellow-man, he must do that so long as no way is discovered to prevent him. There is no excuse, however, for his exposing harmless horses and mules to the horrors of war. Besides, such a clause would be a step in the direction of making war almost impossible, and towards that end the race must be continually moving until it is attained.

The New World and the Old

AMERICA is the blackboard on which is written that which Europe must learn. In the United States a man raises himself from poverty and obscurity to prosperity and prominence. His fellow-countrymen say of him: "This is a great man; he has strength of character, intelligence, enterprise, resource, and energy; we must have him at the front."

In England a man rises as has the American. Our fellow-countrymen and women say of him: "Is it not disgraceful such people should possess fortunes and importance; the country is hurrying to ruin!"

. . . . .

"He has had a New-World education," is a phrase which will shortly be in common use

in this country. A man who has visited the United States, and has adopted some of the developments of the New World, seems to have an enormous advantage over his competitors in the Old. That is to be seen in business in the City, in commerce, in trade, in journalism, on the stage, and in every direction. New World attitudes of mind may be most distasteful to us who have the old, but the former must be generally adopted, as they are of such obvious advantage to those who have them. The United States is the blackboard of the modern world; most of that which appears there is for the instruction of all.

. . . .

The feature of the twentieth century will probably be the struggle for supremacy between the New World and the Old. The United States are growing in population, in wealth and in ambition. Whilst we are spending money the Americans are making money. Will the centre of finance shift from London to New York; will America become the champion of liberty; will the New World be modern whilst the Old

is fettered to feudal survivals; and, most important for us, will the United States cover the seas with ships and rule the waves? Progress is stronger than policy; the race is for the most progressive and most prosperous, not for the most pugnacious.

The Mechanical Peril

THE Mechanical Peril is a difficulty which has not escaped the attention of Parliament. The Special Commission which was appointed to inquire into the matter has issued an interim report, and the following evidence of one of the witnesses examined is of especial interest:—

Q. "Can you write?"—A. "No; I use a typewriter."

Q. "Can you sing?"—A. "No; I use a phonograph."

Q. "Can you play any musical instrument?"—A. "No; I use the pianola."

Q. "Can you sew?"—A. "No; I use a sewing-machine."

Q. "Can you draw?"—A. "No; I use a Kodak."

Q. "Can you walk?"—A. "No; I use a bicycle, a motor-car, a tram-car, or a train."

Q. "Can you hear?"—A. "No; I use an ear-trumpet."

Q. "Can you see?"—A. "No; I use glasses."

Q. "Can you digest?"—A. "No; I use digestives"

Q. "Can you sleep?"—A. "No; I use narcotics."

Q. "Can you form an independent political, literary, artistic, or ordinary opinion?"—A. "No; I belong to an 'organised' political party, and take my opinions in this direction from the wire-pullers. As regards literature and art, I receive my impressions of those matters from the reviews in the newspapers; and in ordinary circumstances I follow general public opinion."

Q. "Can you breathe?"—A. "No; I use artificial respiration."

From these answers it would appear the man of the immediate future will be entirely dependent upon mechanical contrivances, organisations, and medical resources; that he will only have emerged from one form of slavery, after generations of struggling, to enter into another which is more absolute! Take away from the man of 2000 his typewriter, phonograph, pianola, Kodak, bicycle, motor-car, train, sewing-machine, spectacles, digestives, narcotics, and newspapers, and he will be a helpless creature!

Now

EVERYTHING is common now but common sense.

The following elementary up-to-date riddles, then, may be appropriate :—

When is a child not a child?—Now.
When is a woman not a woman?—Now.
When is a lady not a lady?—Now.
When is "society" not "society"?—Now.
When is a Sovereign not a Sovereign?—Now.
When is a farmer not a farmer?—Now.
When is a servant not a servant?—Now.
When is art not art?—Now.
When is Shakespeare not Shakespeare?—Now.
When is everything nothing?—Now.

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